

No. 17



ALL



10¢

WINNERS

WINTER ISSUE

COMICS



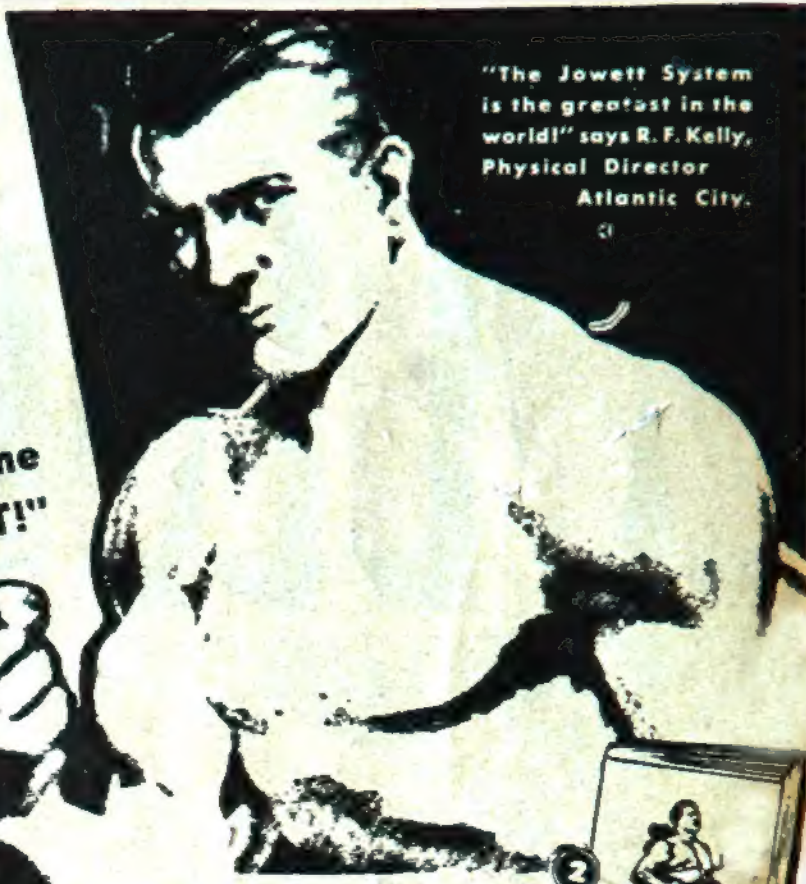
"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO -TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms. Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he "I owe everything to Jowett's methods." Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 913, New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 913 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid the courses checked below, for which I enclose () include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**
— All 5 courses for..... \$1 — Molding Mighty Legs 25c
— Molding a Mighty Arm 25c — Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
— Molding a Mighty Back 25c — Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
— Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

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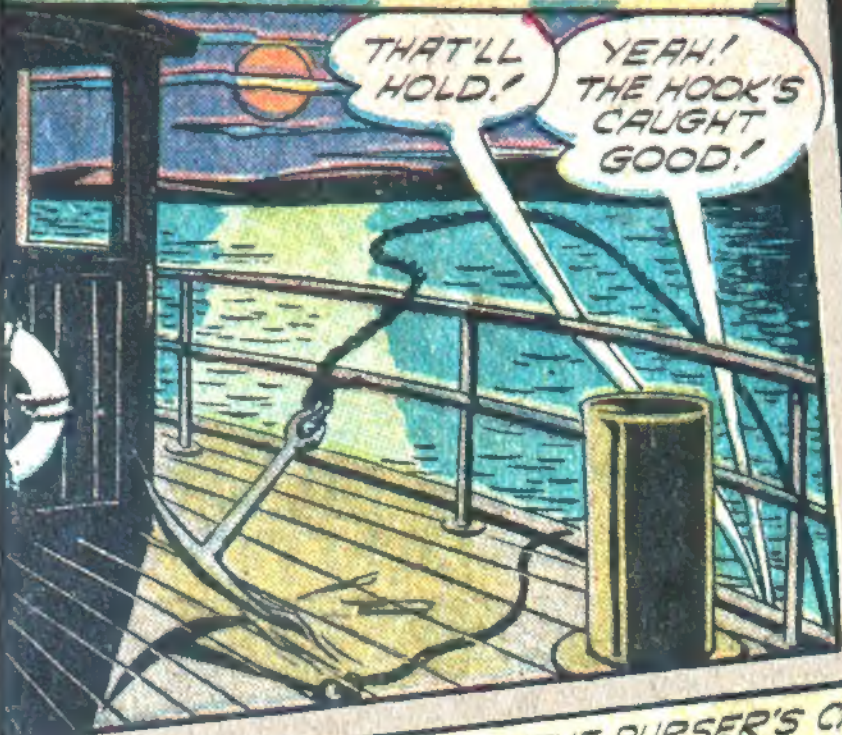
SUB-MARINER

OUT OF THE NIGHT, FROM THE DEEP WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, RISES A NEW CHALLENGER TO THE GREAT STRENGTH AND KEEN WIT OF THE FEARLESS SUB-MARINER... A FIENDISH BANDIT-KILLER STALKING THE RIVER AS...

"THE BLACK PHANTOM"



NIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI...A STEAMER GLIDES DOWN THE RIVER...A ROPE IS SUDDENLY TOSSED TOWARD IT.....



THAT'LL HOLD!

YEAH! THE HOOK'S CAUGHT GOOD!

ANOTHER SECOND, A WEIRD FIGURE CLIMBS UP DEFTLY...



...AND PADS SWIFTLY INTO THE PURSER'S CABIN.



I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY!

BLACK PHANTOM! SOON EVERYBODY SPEAKS THAT NAME WITH FEAR... AS THE WEIRD BANDIT BECOMES THE SCOURGE OF THE RIVER!

JUST AS THE STRANGE BANDIT RACES AWAY WITH HIS LOOT, THE PURSER, RECOVERING, TURNS IN AN ALARM...



THERE HE GOES!

WE'LL NAB HIM!

BUT A MOMENT LATER.

FUNNY THERE'S NO ONE ON THE WATER! NOT A SIGN OF A BOAT!

HE'S VANISHED LIKE A PHANTOM... A BLACK PHANTOM!



Journal FINAL MURDER SELF SHAM NEWS BLACK PHANTOM ROBBS

EXTRA MISSISSIPPI ECHO

BLACK PHANTOM SLAYS

EXTRA THE RIVER HERALD EXTRA

BLACK PHANTOM ON BLOODY RAMPAGE

AN INTERESTED READER IS
SUB-MARINER.

... AND SOON THE FAMED AQUATIC CRIME-SMASHER
IS SWIMMING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, EVER-SEARCHING.

BLACK PHANTOM, HUH?
HE'S GOT TO BE
STOPPED!

NICE AND
PEACEFUL, BUT THE
THREAT OF THE PHANTOM
HANGS OVER ALL...MAYBE
HE'LL BE OUT AGAIN
TONIGHT!

DARKNESS CLOSES ON
THE GREAT RIVER...HOURS
PASS, AND THEN....

AS PRINCE NAMOR
REACHES THE SHORE!

WHAT LUCK!
THE PHANTOM!

WOW!
SHOTS!

BUT A SWIFT SECOND
LATER....

PLEASURE HE
CALLS IT!
LET'S GO!

A LITTLE LUNGE
AND A FIST OF
DYNAMITE!

DIDN'T
THINK I'D
HAVE THE
PLEASURE
SO SOON!

AS SUB-MARINER TOTTERS UNDER THE HEAVY BLOW...



THE WEAKENED SEA-PRINCE LOSES HIS GRASP.

SO HE THOUGHT HE'D PULL A FAST ONE! TRIED TO SEE MY FACE!

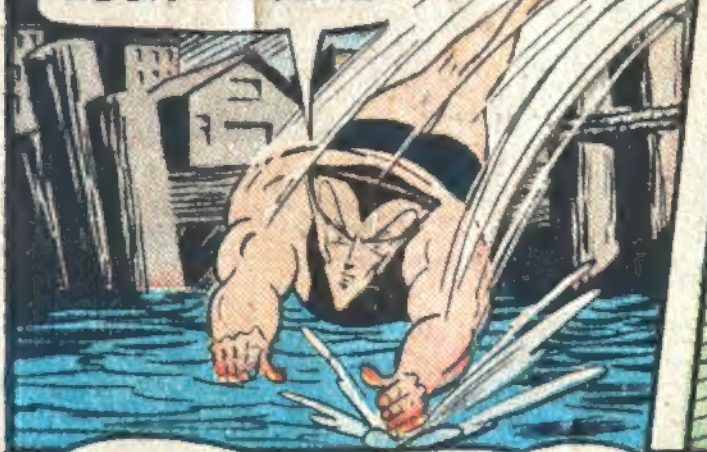


A LITTLE LATER...

I OPENED MY EYES JUST IN TIME! THAT FACE I'LL REMEMBER!



NOT A SIGN OF THEM! YET THEY MUST HAVE GOT AWAY ON THE WATER! I'LL LOOK AROUND!



NAMOR'S SEARCH AVAILS NOTHING! AND THE NEXT DAY, HEADLINES SCREAM...

MAYBE TONIGHT HE'LL STRIKE AGAIN! AND THIS TIME...

NAMOR!

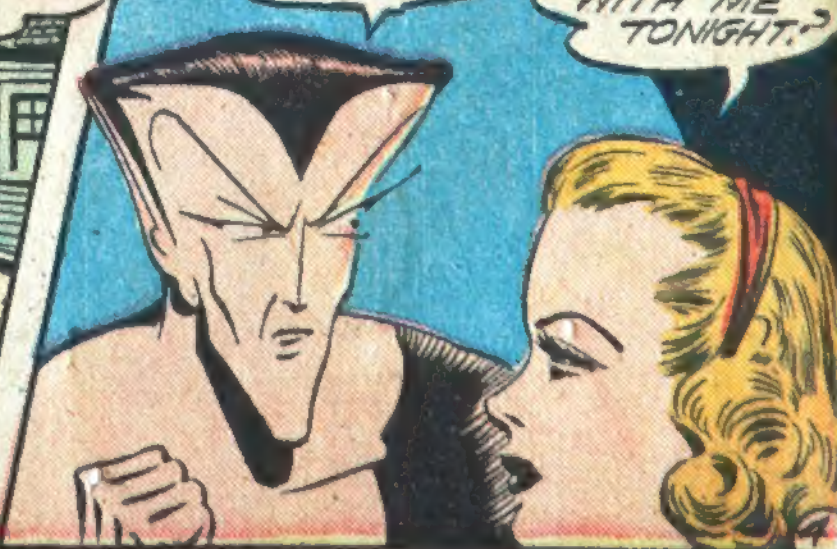


BETTY! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D POP UP!

WITH ALL THIS MYSTERIOUS EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE - HOW COULD I STAY AWAY? I SUPPOSE YOU'RE FAST ON HIS TRAIL, EH, SLUBBY?

YEAH! HAD A TUSSELE WITH HIM ALREADY, BUT HE GOT AWAY!

OH, CHEER UP! HOW ABOUT COMING TO A PARTY WITH ME TONIGHT?



ARE YOU NUTS? WITH ALL THIS MAD RAMPAGE OF KILLING GOING ON, I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT WORK. NIX!

AW, COME ON! A LITTLE GAYETY WILL REST YOUR MIND SO YOU CAN TACKLE THIS CASE WITH NEW VIGOR. ANYWAY, I WANT TO INTERVIEW THE HOST, CAPTAIN HALSEY. HE'S A COLORFUL RIVER CHARACTER. HERE'S HIS PICTURE.

BOUNCING BLUEFISH!! HE'S THE BLACK PHANTOM. WE SURE ARE GOING TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT!

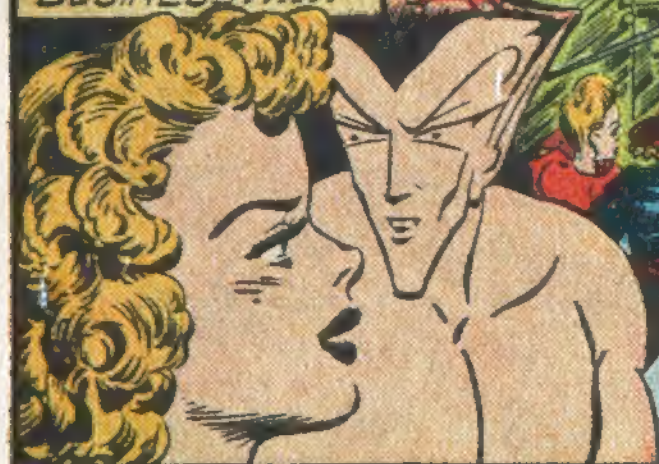
THE BLACK PHANTOM! NAMOR, ARE YOU SURE? WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!



WHAT A WONDERFUL SIGHT! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THE CAPTAIN...

YOU GO ON WITH THE BUNCH, BETTY. I'LL CLIMB ON MY OWN WAY, SO HE DOESN'T SUSPECT!

THAT NIGHT, THE GAILY BEDECKED BOAT DOCKS TO TAKE ON A MERRY PARTY, BUT SUB-MARINER AND BETTY DEAN ARE THERE ON GRIM BUSINESS.....



WATER WHEELS TURN AND THE SHOW BOAT STARTS TO ROLL!

AREN'T YOU AFRAID THE PHANTOM MIGHT STRIKE?

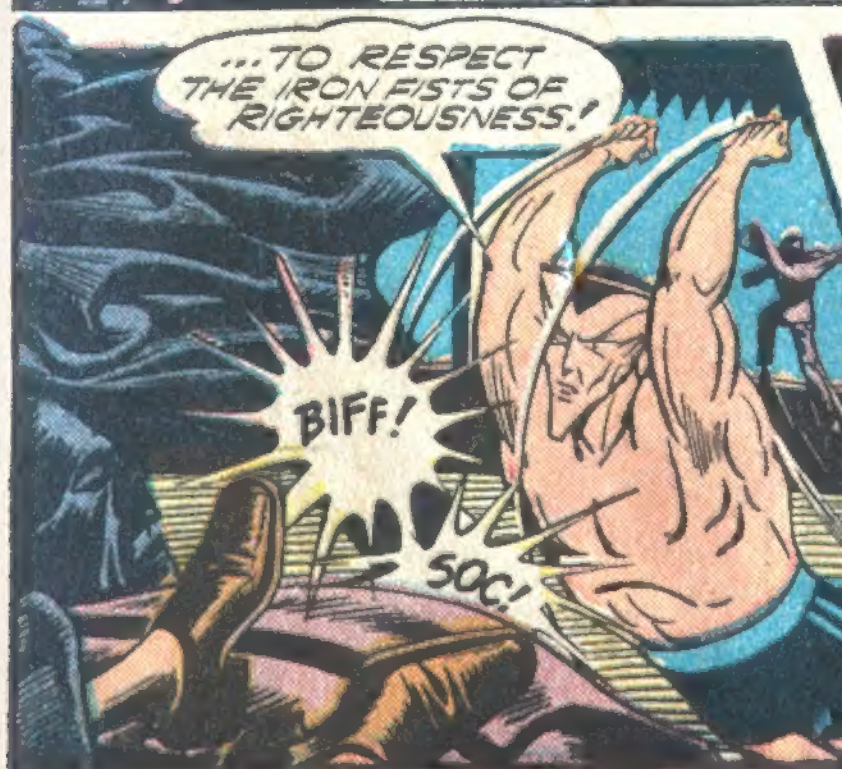
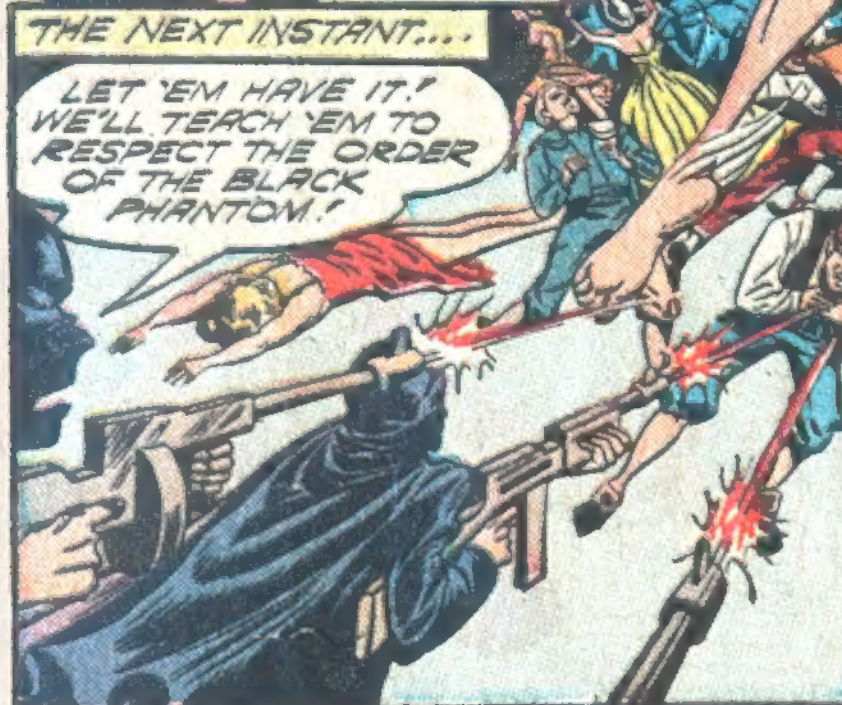
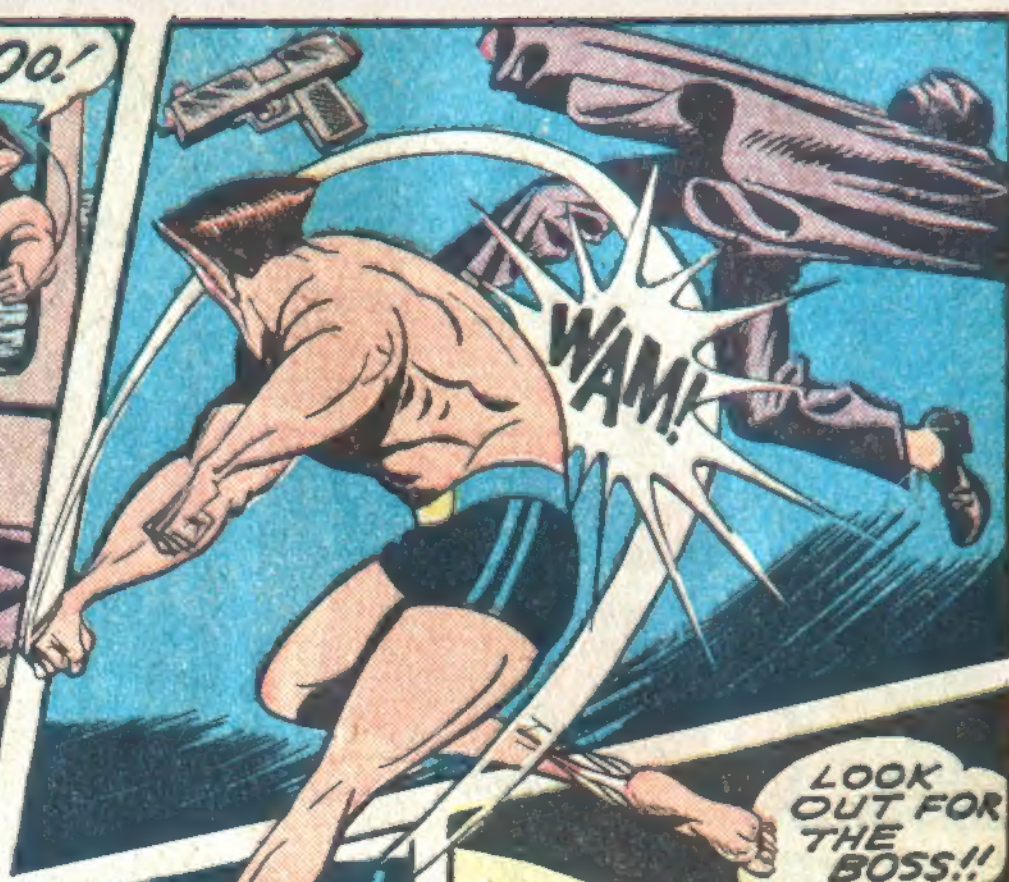
HE WOULDN'T DARE! CAPTAIN HALSEY'S TOO GOOD WITH THE PISTOL!

THE PHANTOM! OHHHHIE!

LINE UP, ALL OF YOU! I'M TAKING YOUR MONEY AND JEWELS. HURRY!

HE SAID HE'D SHOOT THE PHANTOM ON SIGHT IF... OHHH!





BUT THE FLEEING BANDITS' PATH IS
BLOCKED - WHEN OUT OF THE PILOT
HOUSE STEPS CAPTAIN HALSEY!
OR CAN IT BE?

ROB MY SHOW
BOAT, EH? I SAID I'D
SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT,
AND I'M GONNA...



...GONNA WHAT?
GONNA NOTHIN', BUT
SHOOT OFF YOUR
MOUTH!



AND JUST AS
SUB-MARINER
CLOSES IN....

TAKE ONE
STEP CLOSER,
AND THE CAP
DIES!

HALSEY!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE...

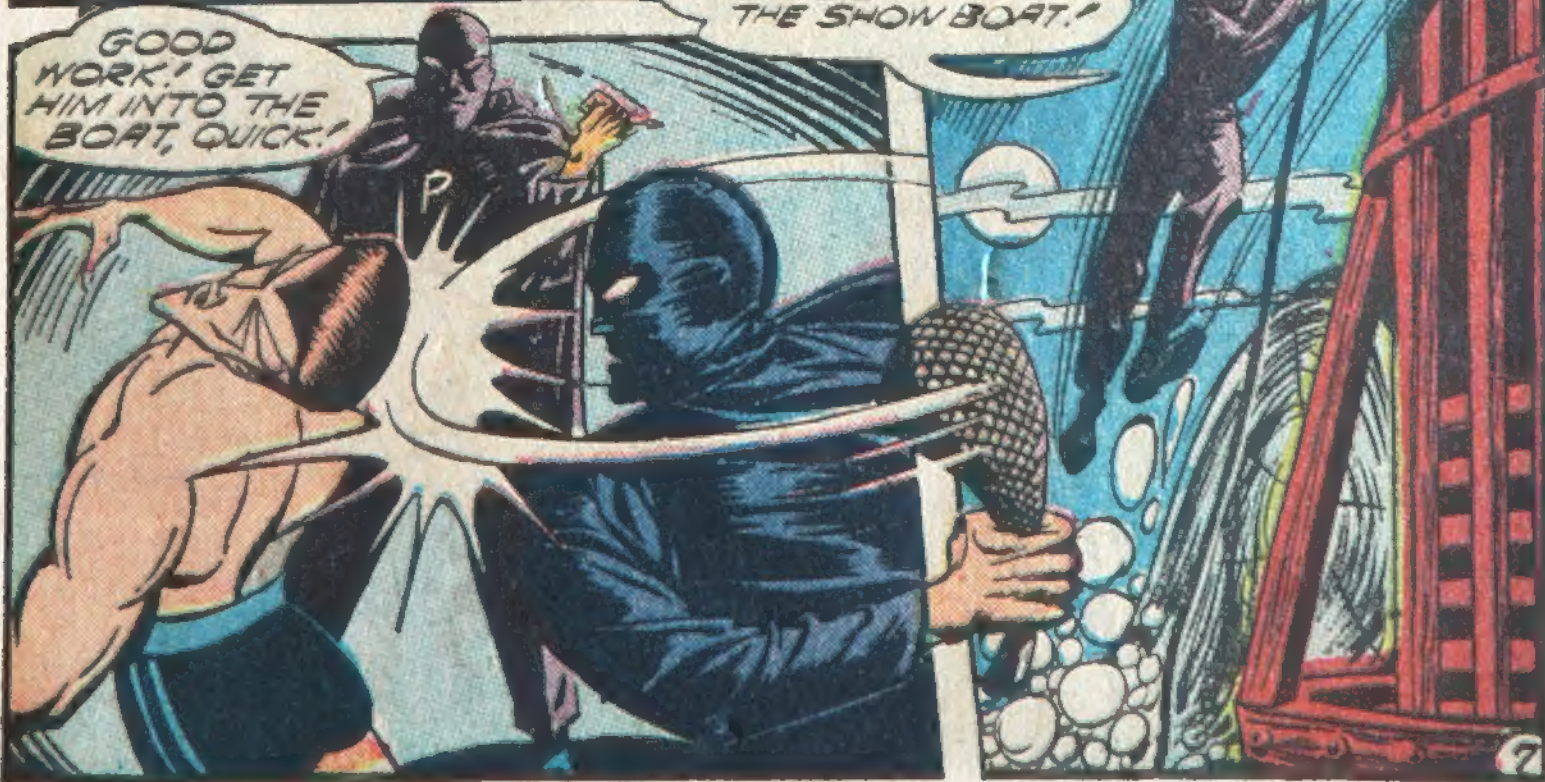


CAN'T
RISK HIS LIFE!
OKAY, PHANTOM,
WHAT HAPPENS
NOW?



EVERY
ONE'S IN! FULL
SPEED AHEAD!
THE SHERIFF AND HIS
MEN BOARDED
THE SHOW BOAT!

GOOD
WORK! GET
HIM INTO THE
BOAT, QUICK!



AS THE LAUNCH PULLS AWAY.....

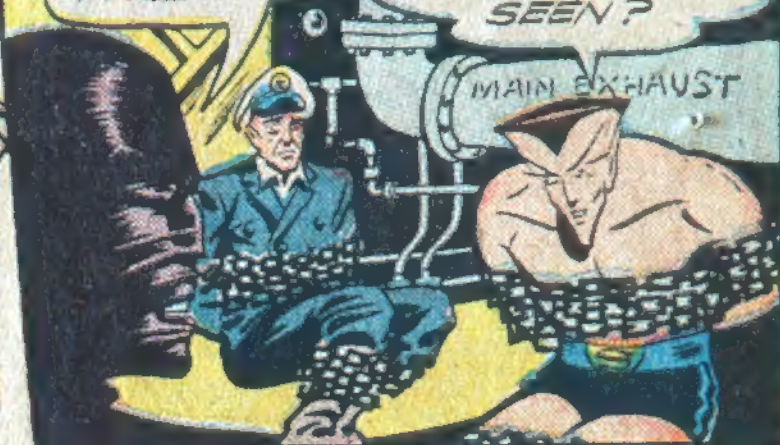
NO USE WASTING
ANY MORE BULLETS!
NOTHING'S THERE!



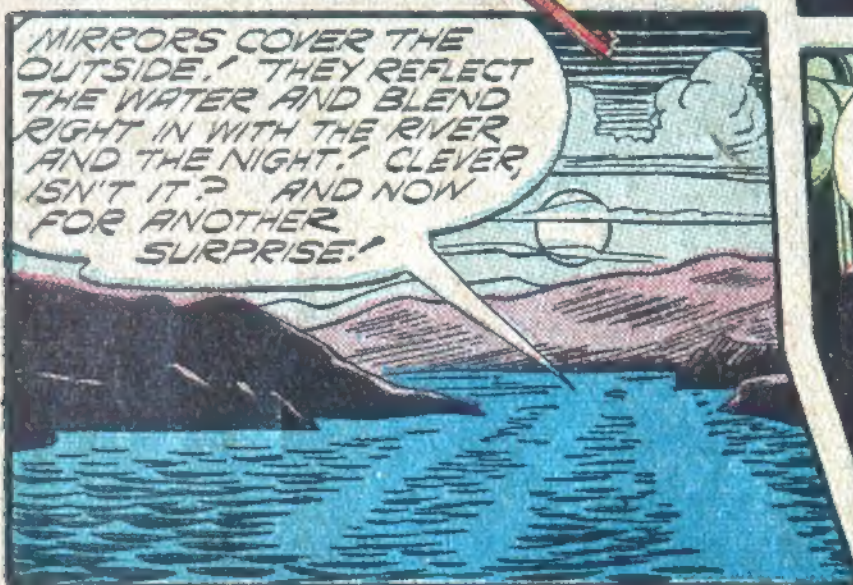
NOTHING? YET THE LAUNCH SPEEDS
AWAY DOWN THE RIVER, STILL WITHIN
RANGE. AND IN THE ENGINE ROOM
ARE THE PAIR OF PRISONERS.....

THIS HEAT WILL
BAKE OUT ALL THE
REST OF YOUR
STRENGTH, FISH
FACE!

YOU THINK OF
EVERYTHING, DON'T
YOU? WHAT
ABOUT THIS BOAT-
WHY CAN'T IT BE
SEEN?



MIRRORS COVER THE
OUTSIDE. THEY REFLECT
THE WATER AND BLEND
RIGHT IN WITH THE RIVER
AND THE NIGHT. CLEVER,
ISN'T IT? AND NOW
FOR ANOTHER
SURPRISE!



YOU
WANTED TO
SEE MY FACE,
YOU SAID I WAS
HALSEY. I
AM!

JACK!
MY TWIN
BROTHER!



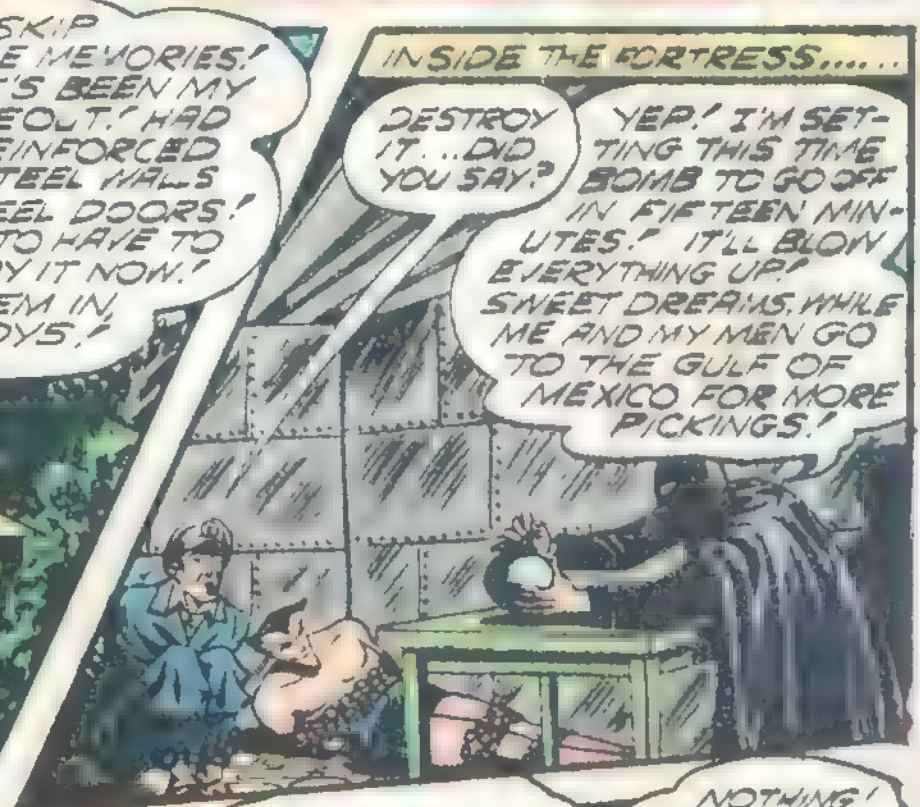
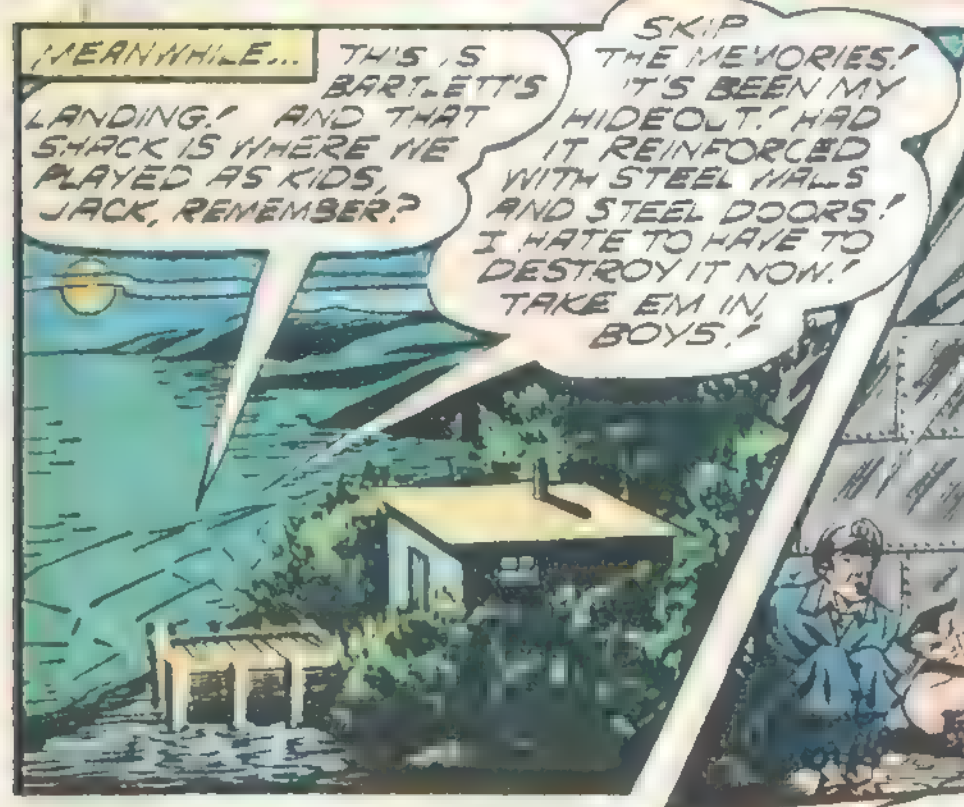
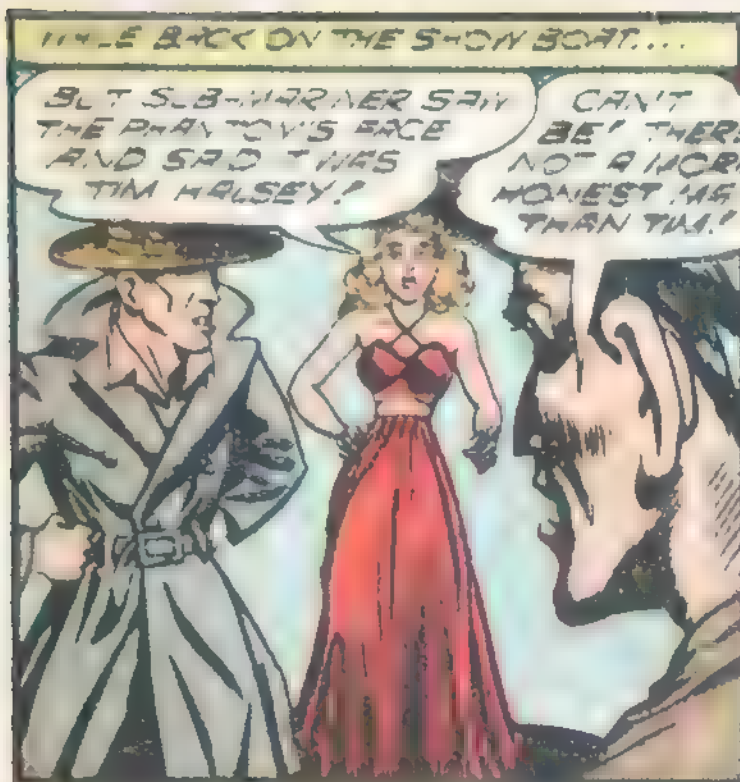
CREEPING
CATFISH!
SO THAT'S
IT!

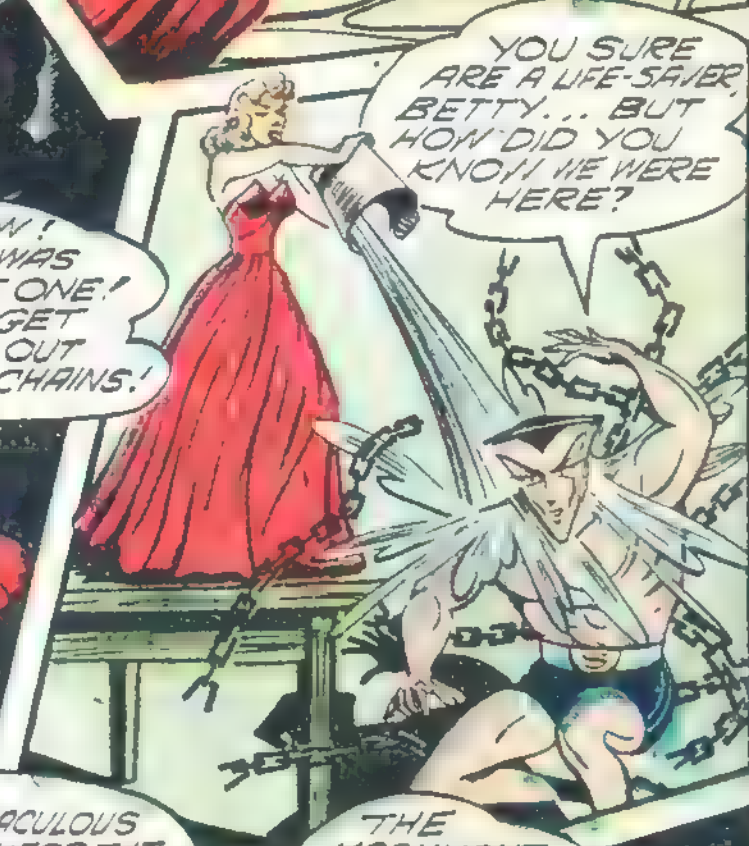
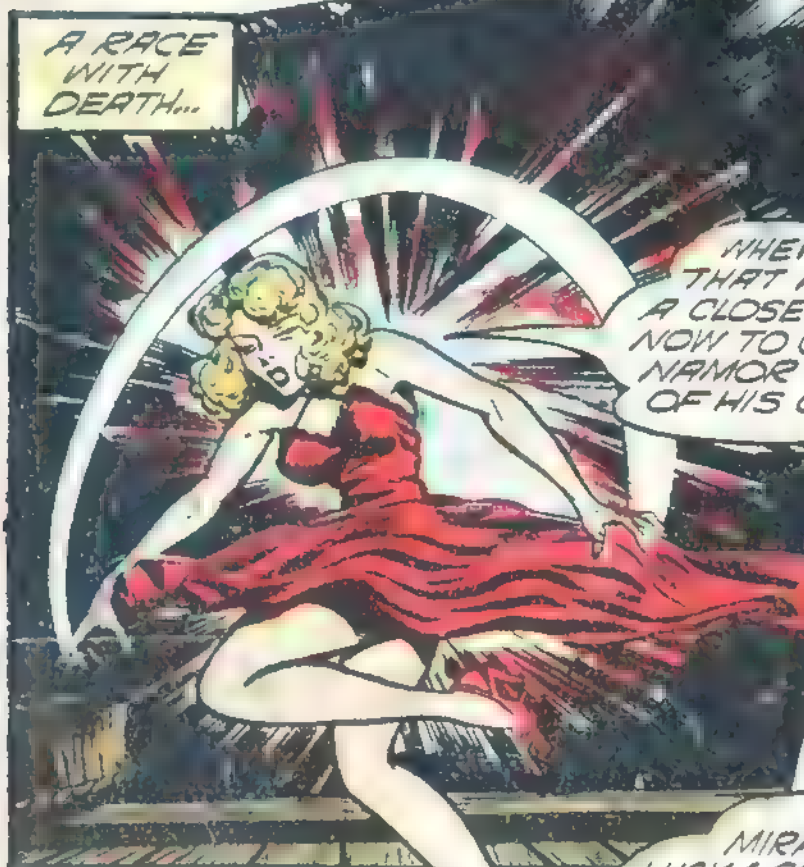
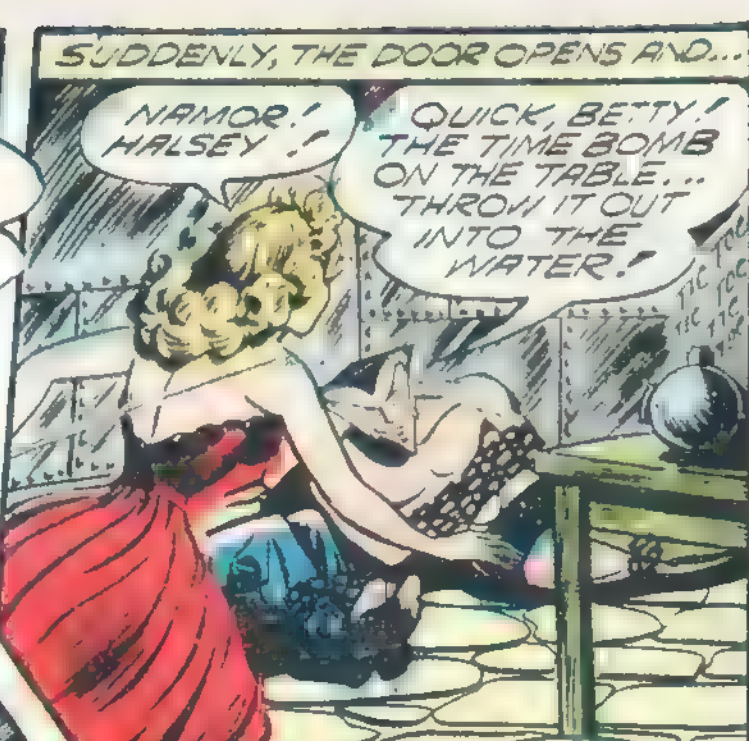
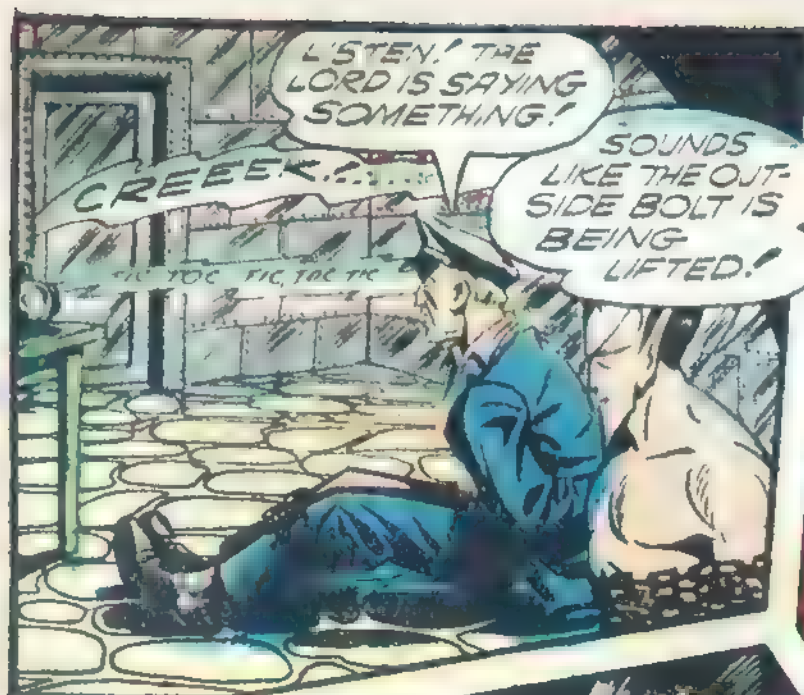
JACK RAN AWAY
FROM HOME WHEN
WE WERE KIDS.
I'VE ALWAYS KEPT
MEMENTOES OF OUR
KID DAYS TOGETHER,
AND OUR MOTHER
IS STILL LIVING FOR
THE DAY JACK WILL
COME BACK. BUT
NOT LIKE THIS!
THE PHANTOM!
IT WILL KILL
HER!

SHE'LL
NEVER KNOW!
NO ONE WILL,
BECAUSE...

... YOU
AND FISHY
ARE BOTH
GOING TO DIE!
I MADE MY FORTUNE
AS THE PHANTOM!
AND I'M GOING TO
KEEP ON. WE'RE
HEADED FOR MY
HIDEOUT AND YOUR
FINISH!



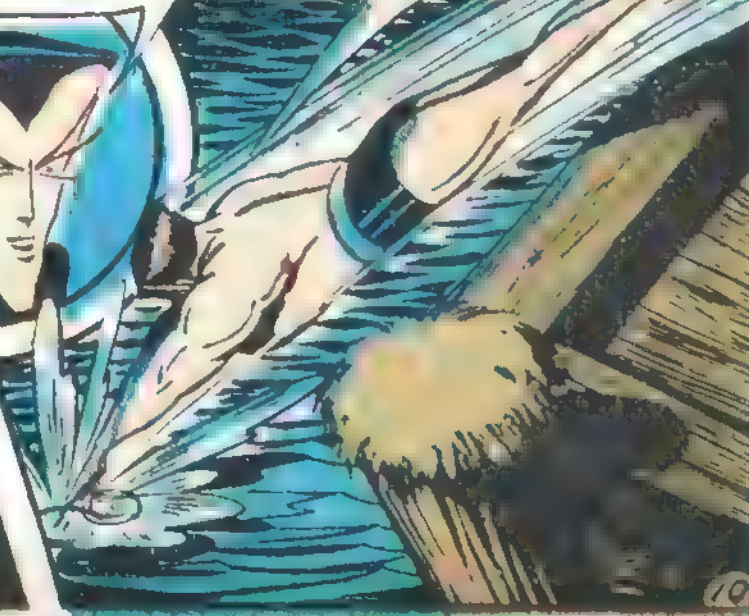
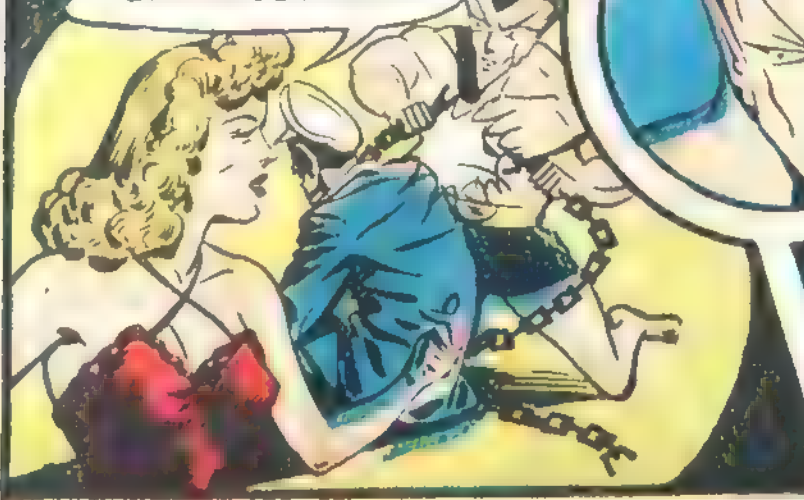


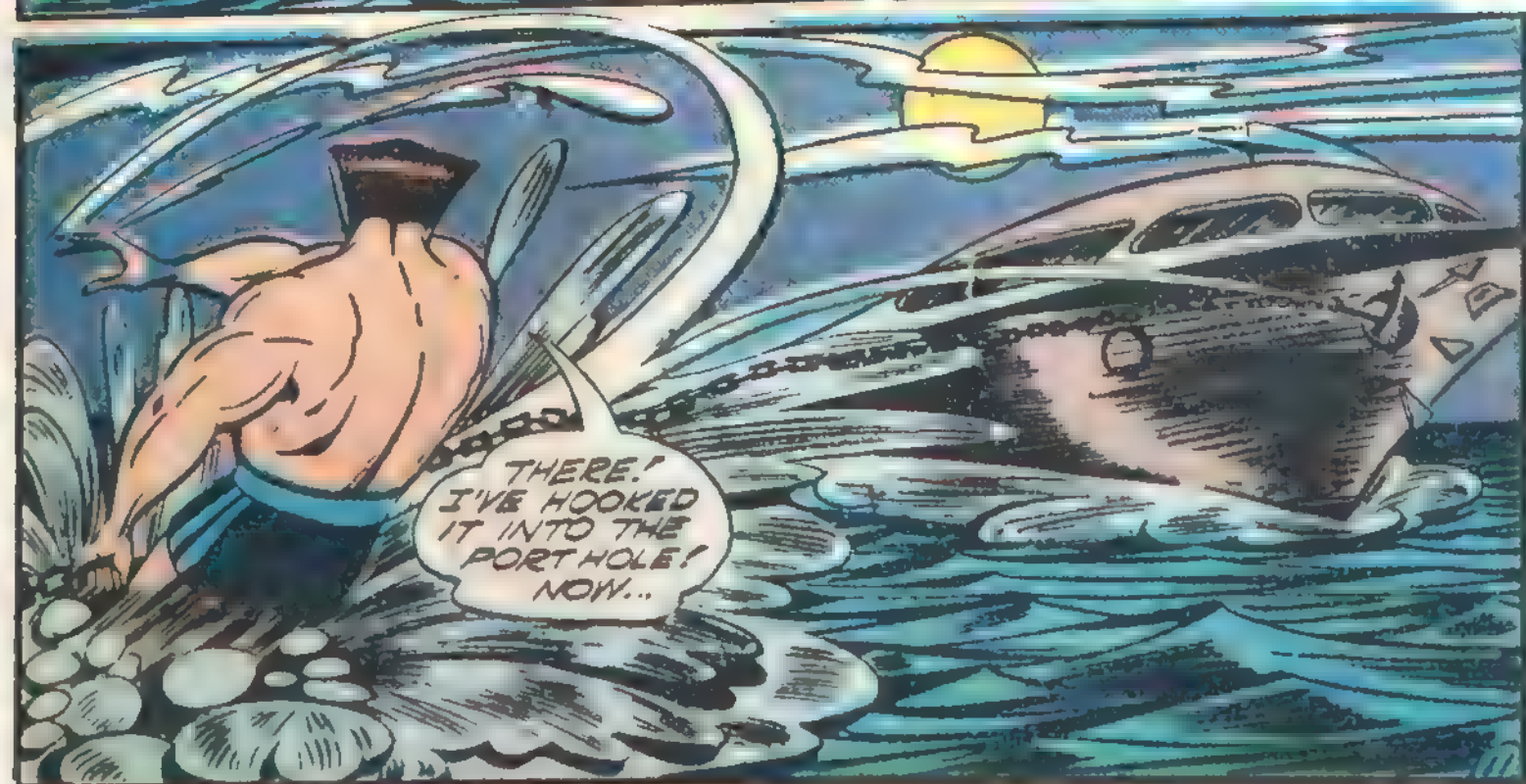
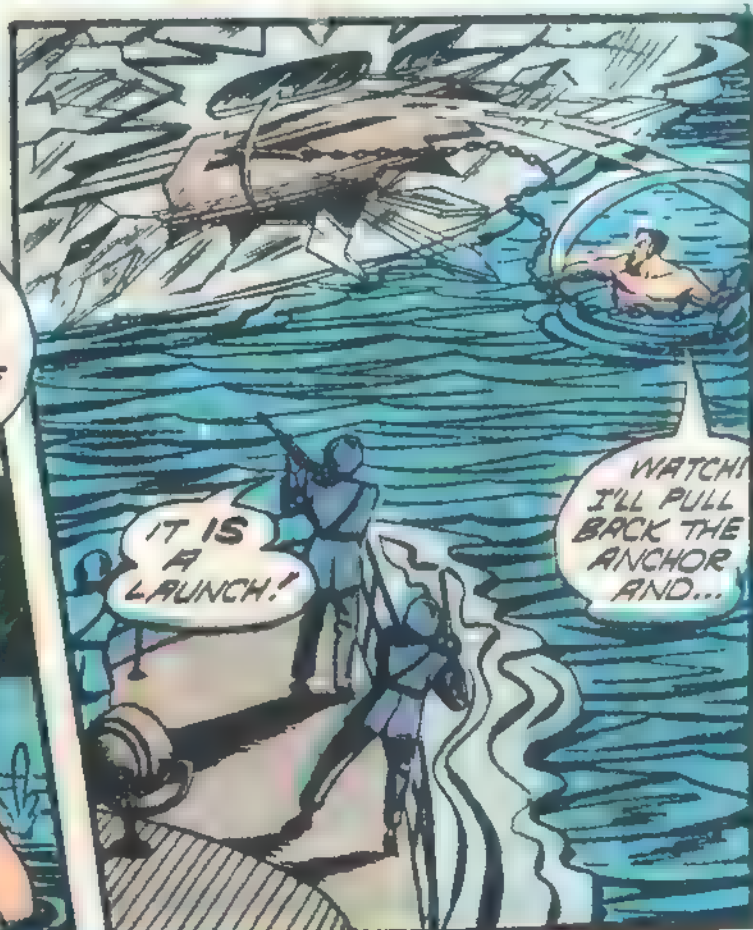
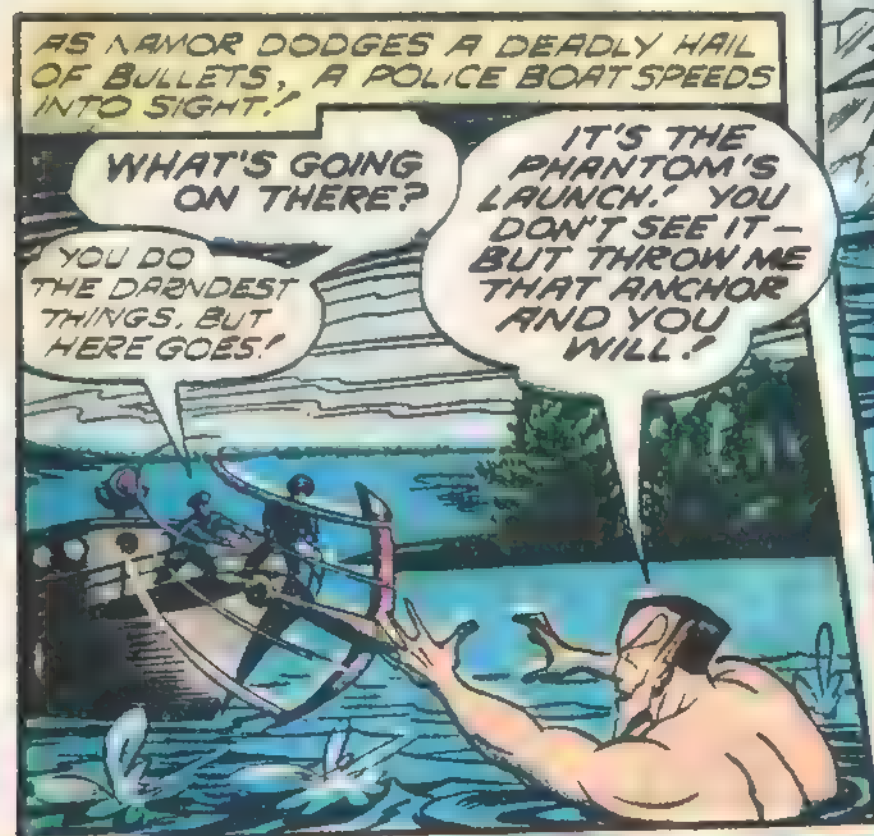
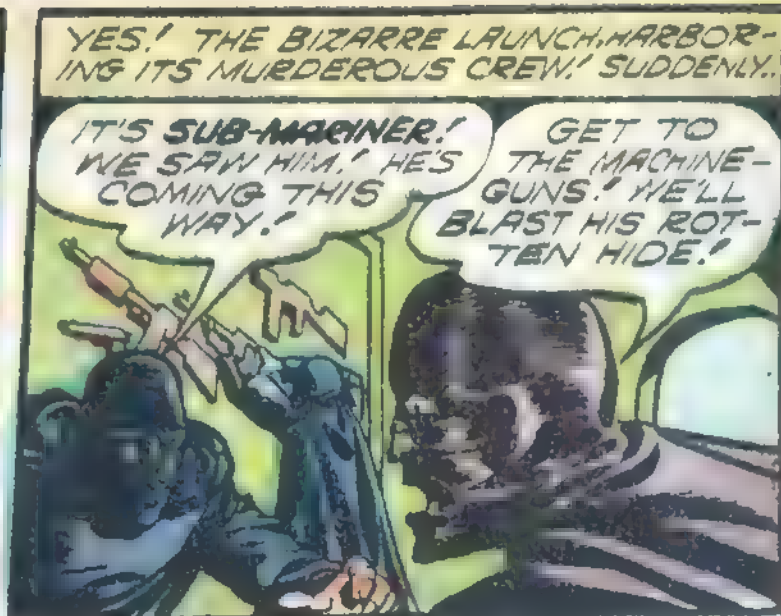
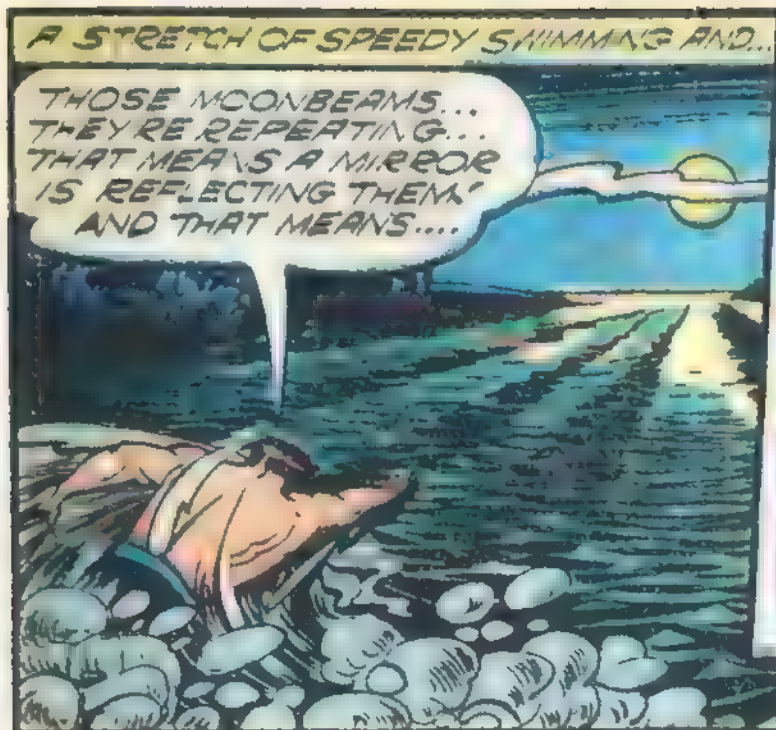


I SEARCHED HALSEY'S CABIN AND CAME ACROSS A PICTURE OF THIS SHACK... IT WAS MARKED BARTLETT'S LANDING. I THOUGHT I'D TRY IT. THERE WERE, ALSO, PICTURES OF TWIN BOYS' I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND...

MIRACULOUS LUCK! GUESS THE LORD WAS LISTENING TO HALSEY'S PRAYERS! THE PHANTOM HEADED SOUTH! I'D BETTER LOSE NO MORE TIME HERE!

THE MOONLIGHT SHOULD HELP ME... NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR!





WITH EASE AND SPEED, NAMOR PULLS THE LAUNCH TOWARD SHORE!

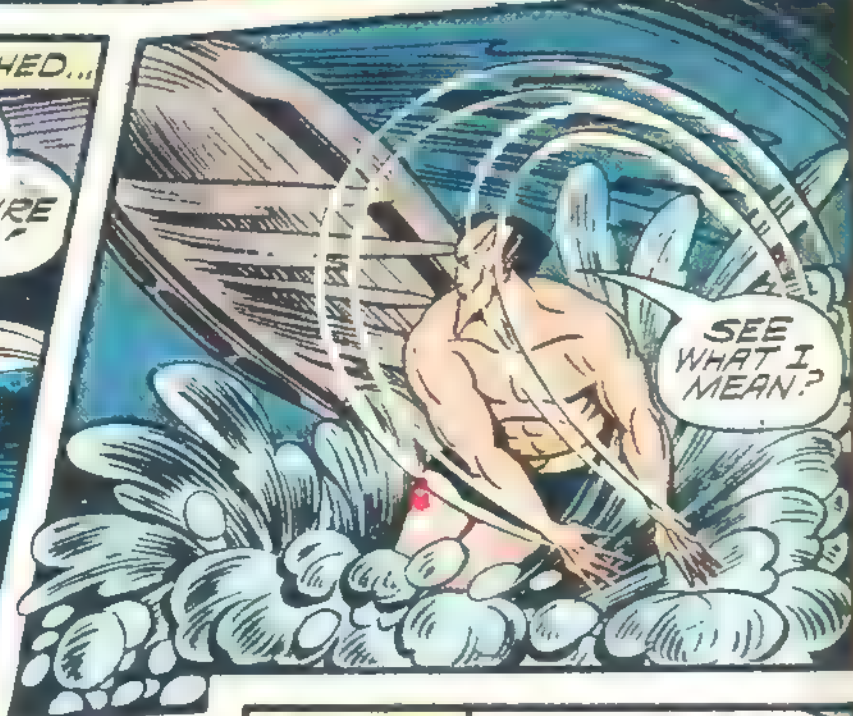
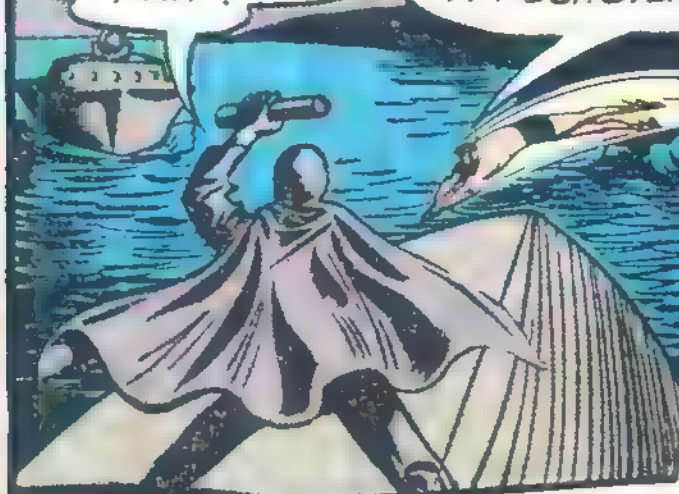
HEY! WE'RE GOING IN!



AS THE PHANTOM LAUNCH IS BEACHED...

TAKE ANOTHER STEP NEAR HERE... AND I'LL BLOW YOU ALL UP WITH THIS T.N.T.!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE, BECAUSE YOU'RE A PUSHOVER!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

BOOM!

THERE GOES HIS T.N.T.! AND WITH IT, ALL OF THEM!

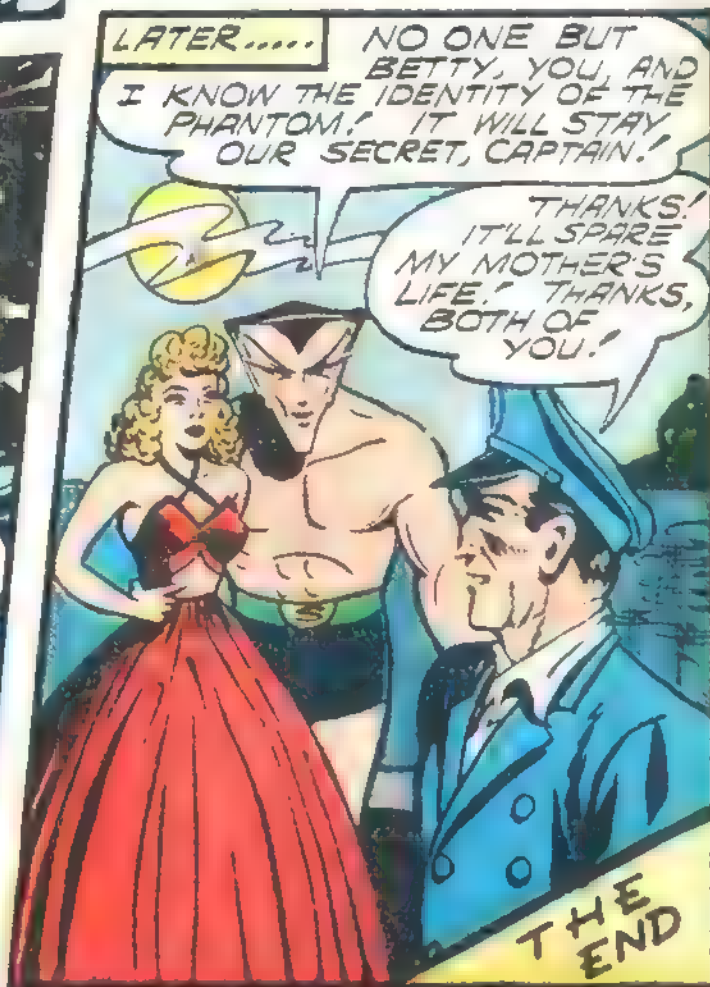
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH!



LATER.....

NO ONE BUT BETTY, YOU, AND I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE PHANTOM. IT WILL STAY OUR SECRET, CAPTAIN!

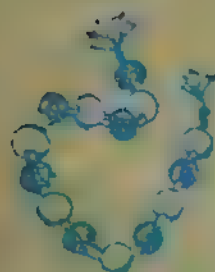
THANKS! IT'LL SPARE MY MOTHER'S LIFE. THANKS, BOTH OF YOU!



THE END

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You



A simply wonderful collection of wonderfully simple ideas for Christmas gifts for everybody . . . Tricky trinkets—bracelets, necklaces, rings, lapel pins, earrings . . . Enhancing hairbands, combs, barrettes . . . Dandy doo-dads and handy gadgets—scuffs and belts, trays and vases, sewing kits, waste paper baskets, notepaper, and just heaps of things . . . Delicious, nutritious recipes for cookies and cakes . . . And a joyful jubilee of gala mixin's with fun-derful games and party fixin's . . . to make this year's celebration the best ever! . . . Make all these gifts yourself out of tiny bits and pieces . . . Pretty, practical presents for all, at a cost so small it's just nothing at all . . . And all in this "nifty notion" Christmas booklet, bright and shiny in a gay holiday wrapping . . . With lifelike colored illustrations to guide you . . . And a special section to list all the stockings you've filled and the gifts you've put into them—a permanent record of everyone you play Santa to in 1945 . . . This festive booklet is published by MISS AMERICA Magazine from the overflow of suggestions from the "Miss America Speaks" column . . . Send for your copy NOW . . . "Here's How For A Merry Christmas" . . . Only 10c . . . Mail your dime TODAY to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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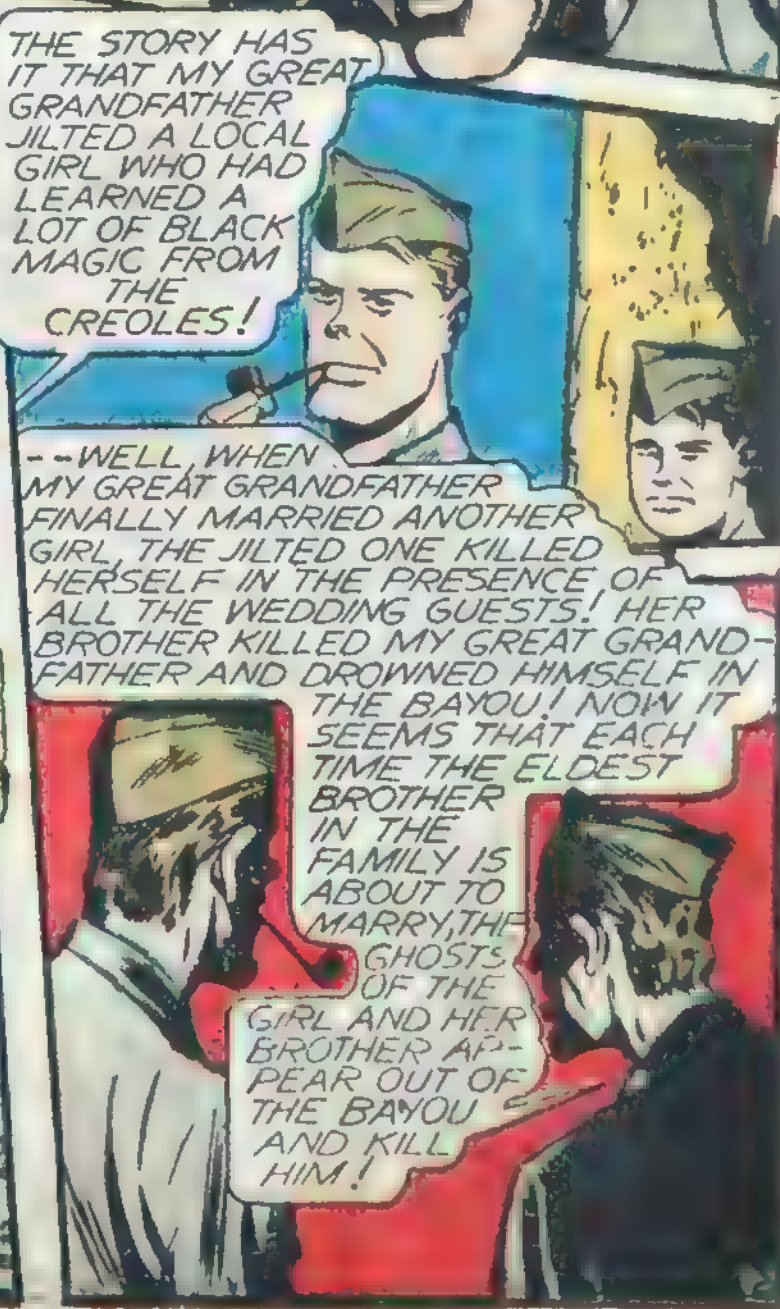
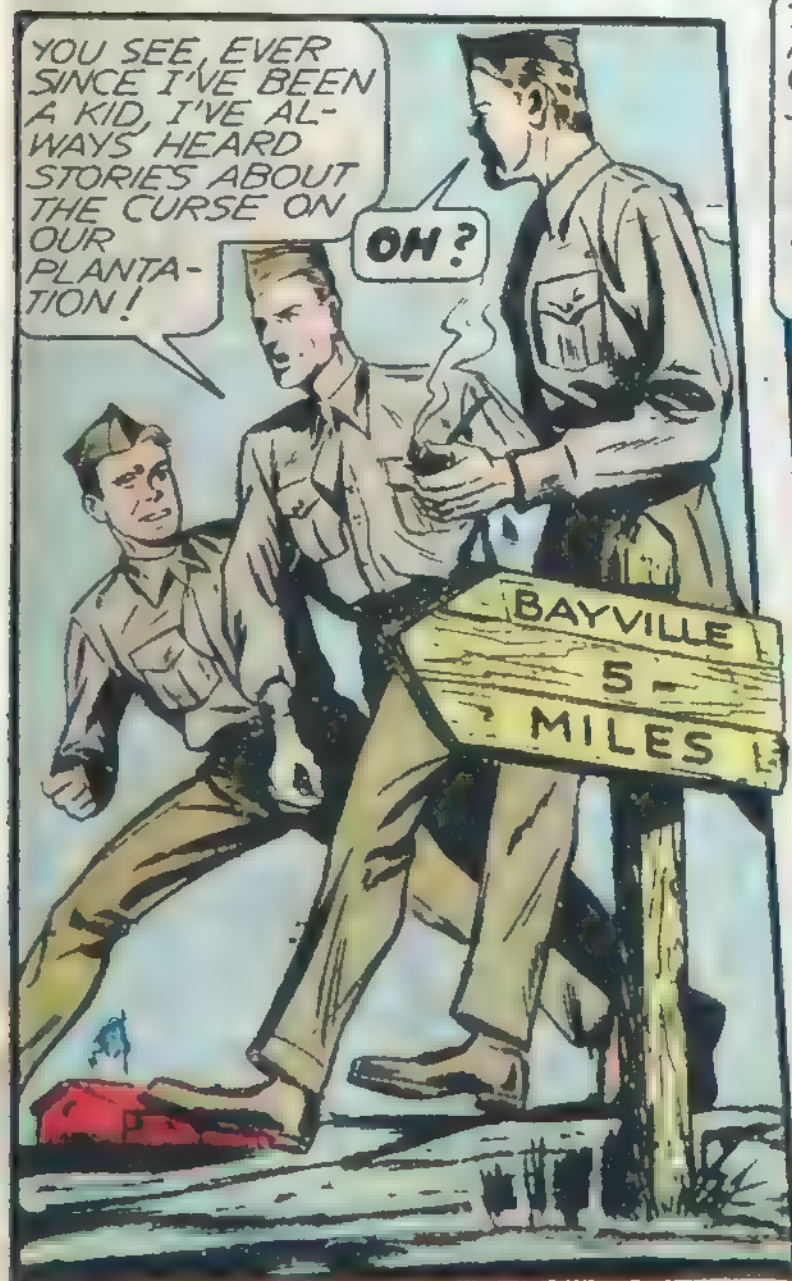
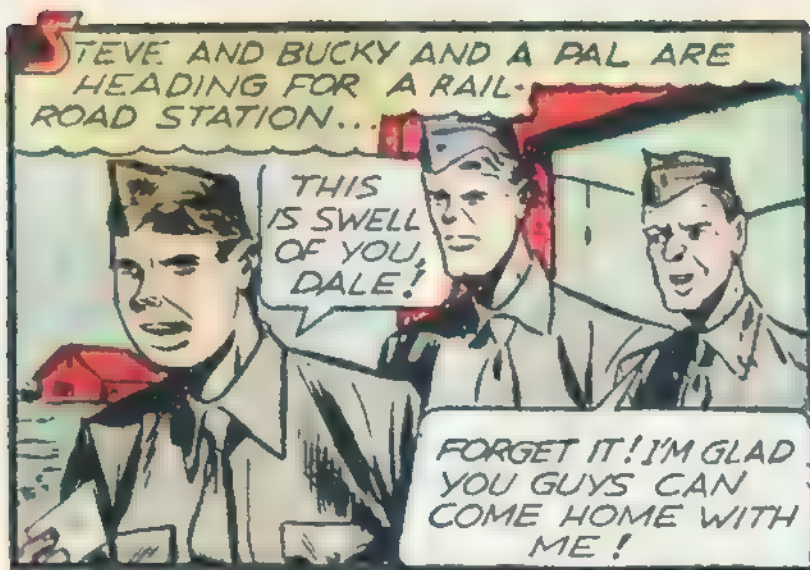
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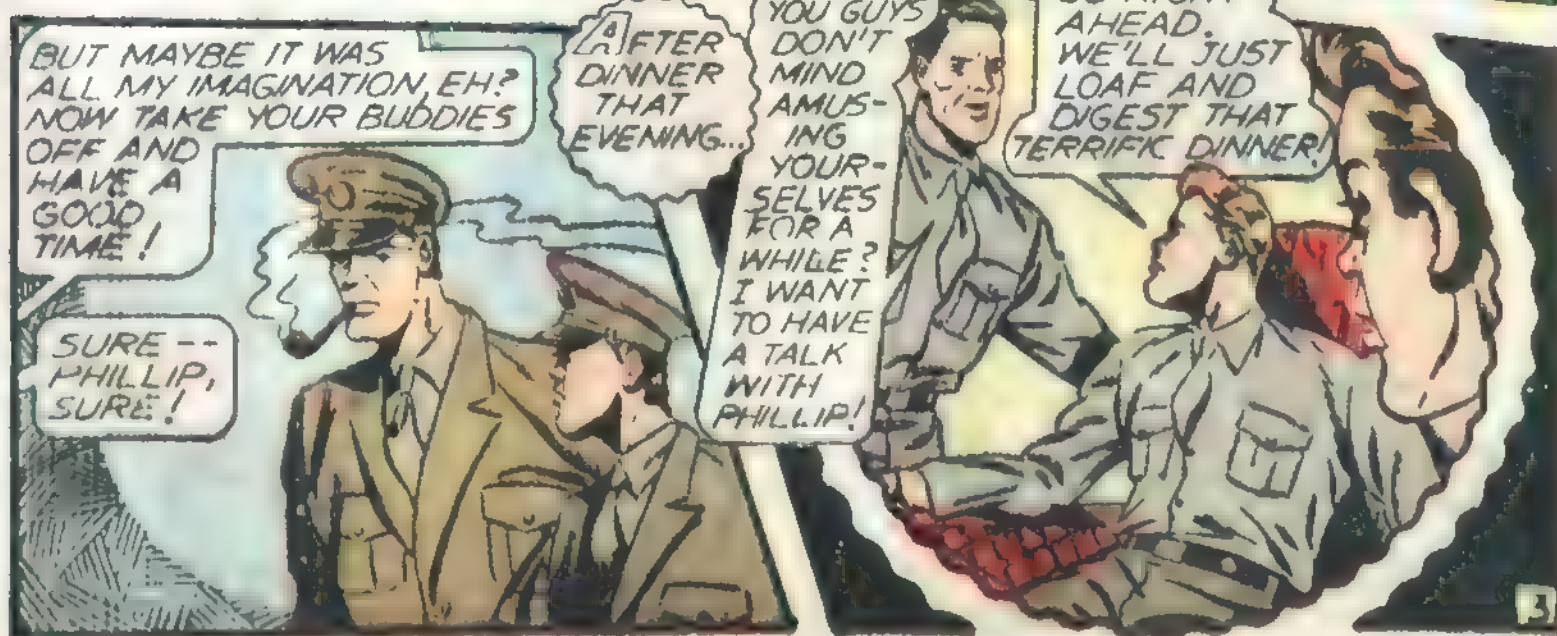
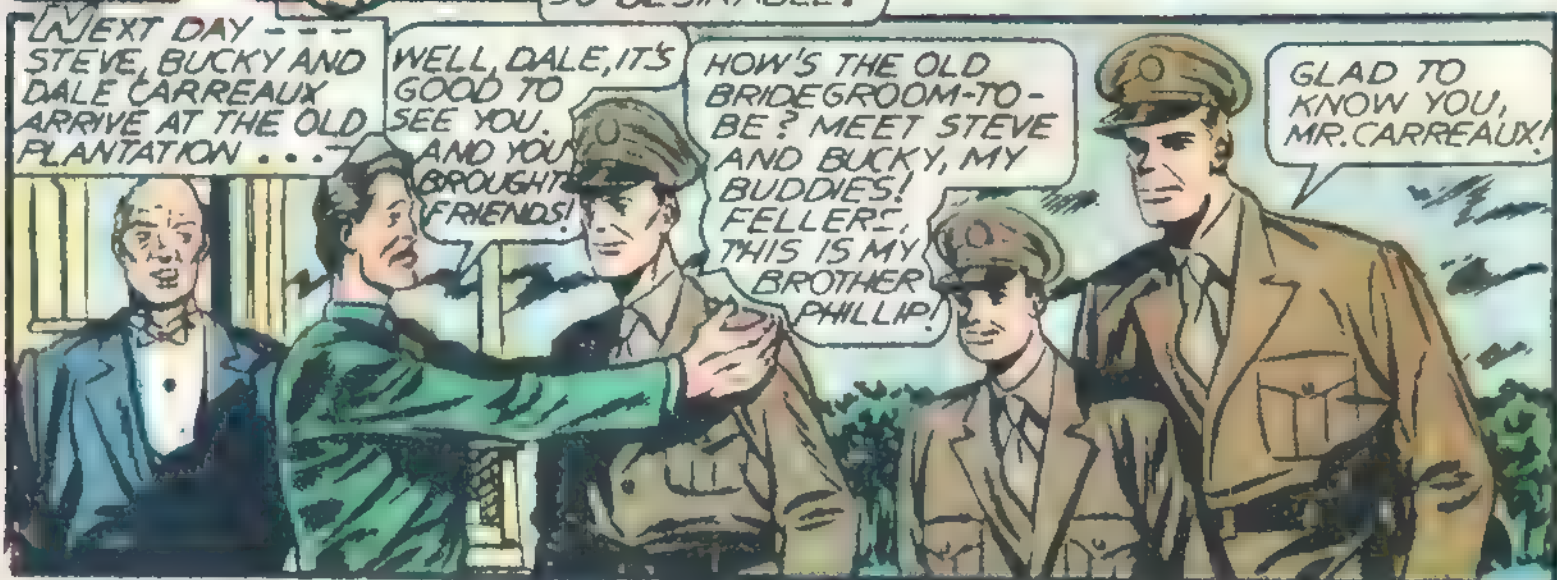
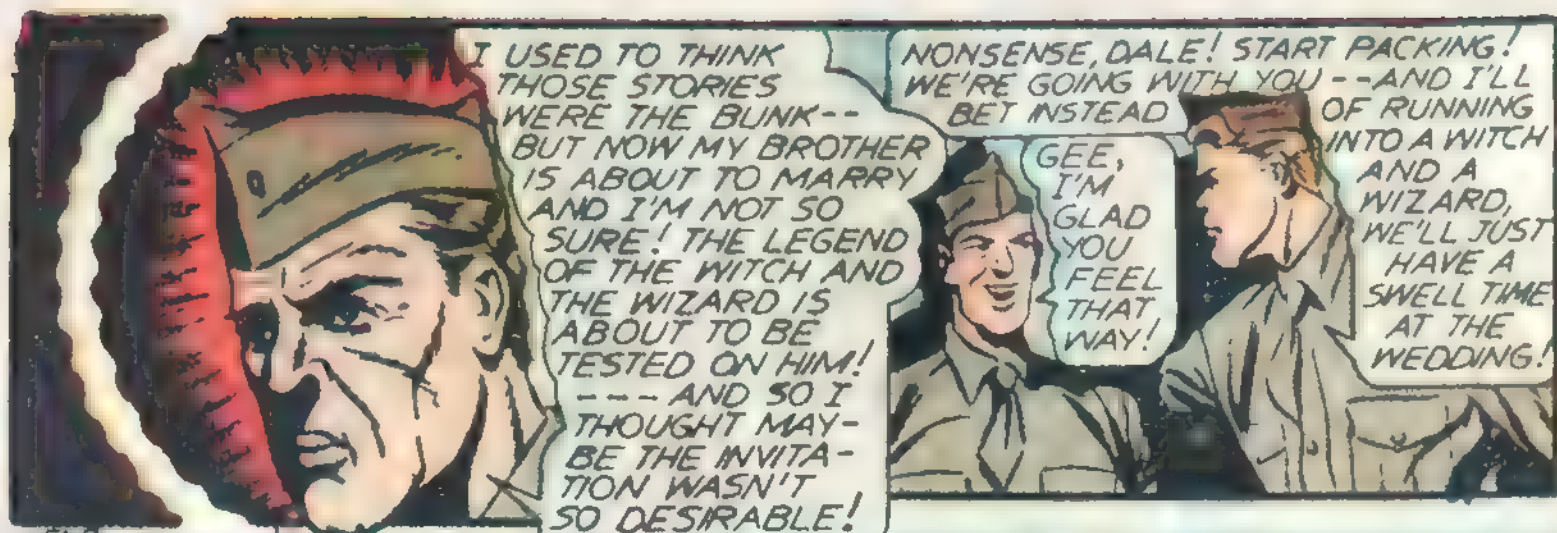
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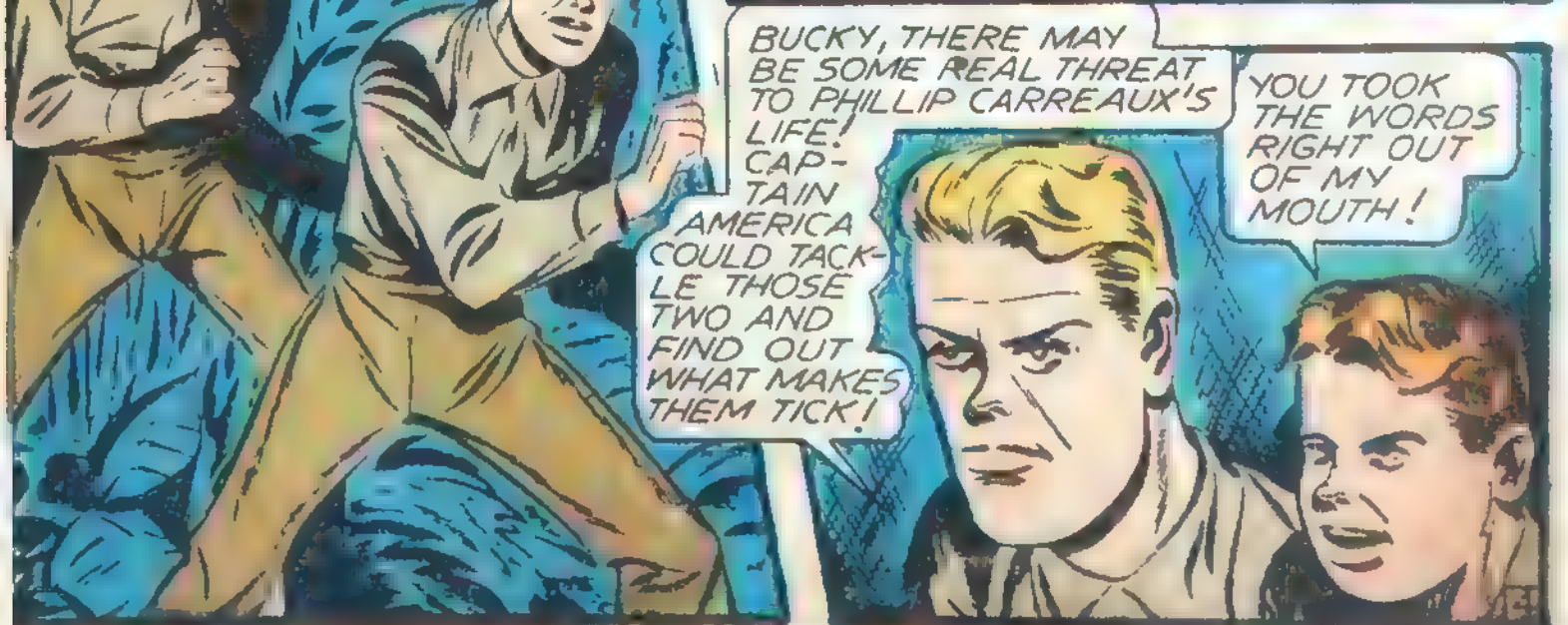
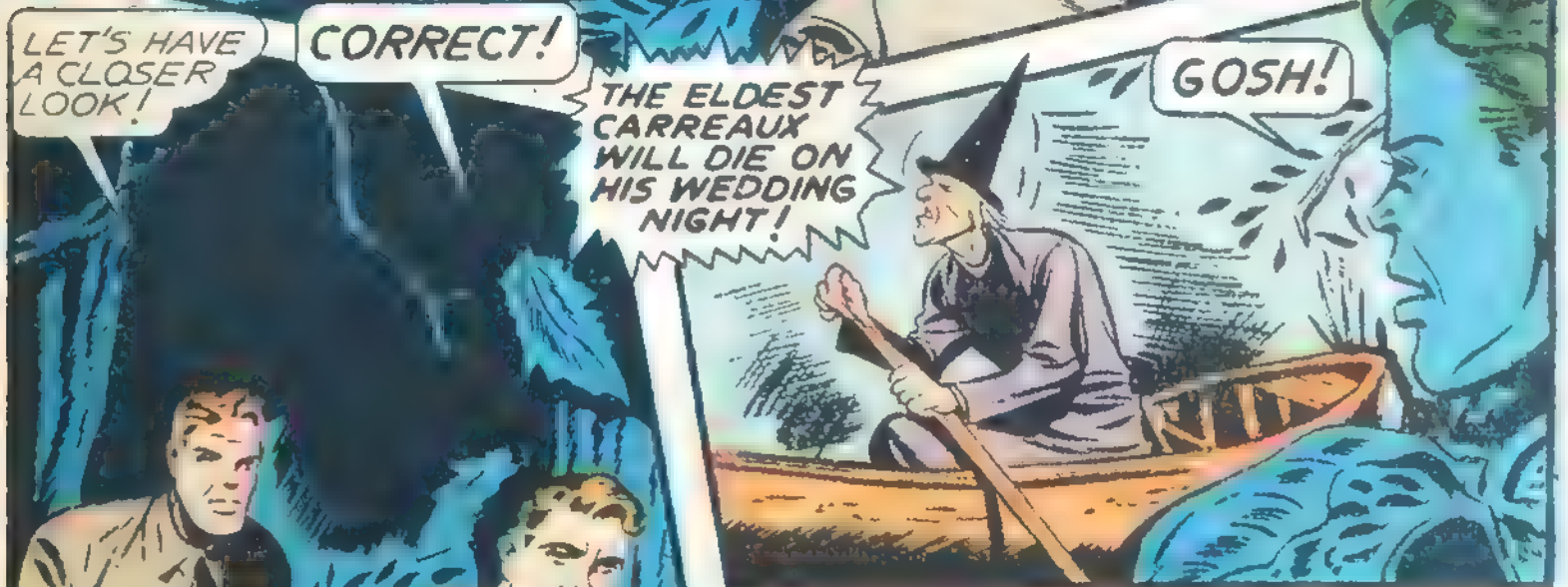
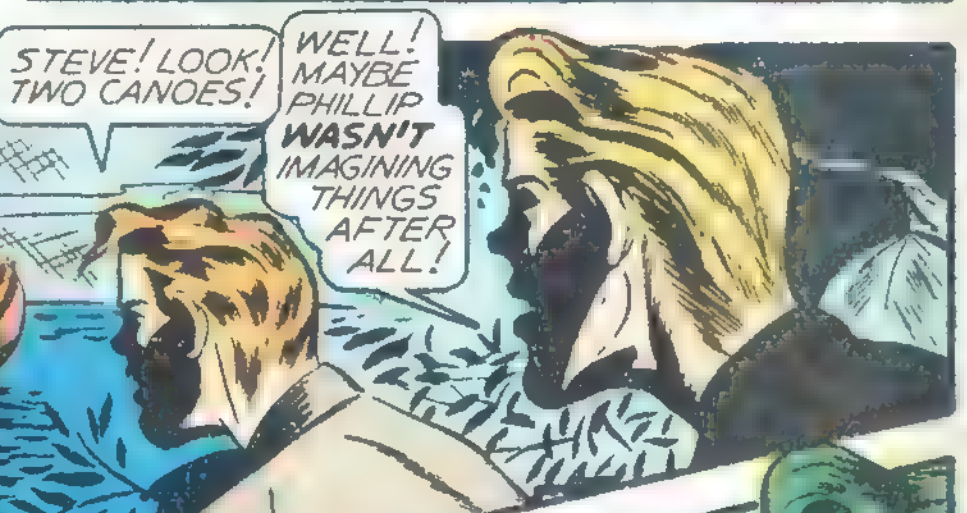
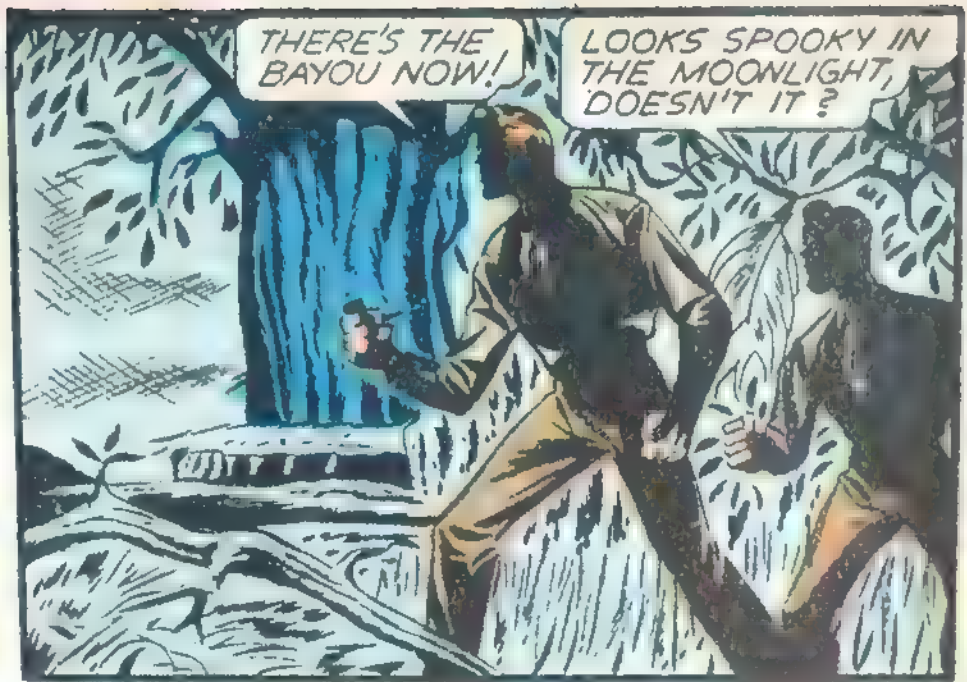
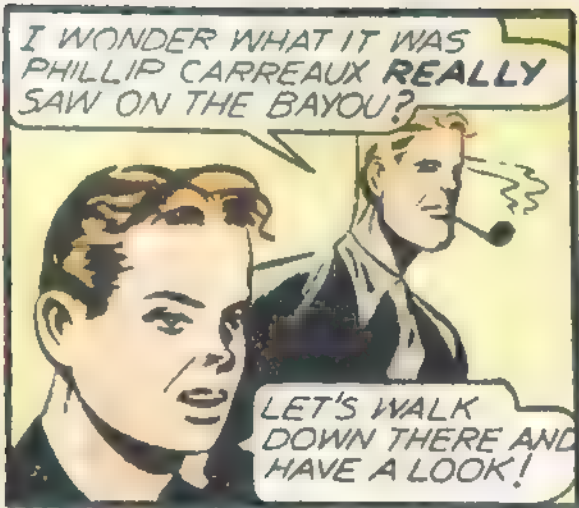
OVER THE OLD PLANTATION, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU COUNTRY, HOVERED A GRIM AND HORRIBLE CURSE! THE VENGEANCE OF A BLOOD-HUNGRY WITCH SWORN TO A HATRED SO TERRIBLE THAT IT MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE GUILTY AND THE INNOCENT!SO POWERFUL THAT THE GHASTLY CREATURE WELCOMED EVEN SUCH INTREPID VISITORS TO ITS GRUESOME LAIR AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!!!



CAPTAIN AMERICA







A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME REVEALS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

LET'S GO! THERE'S A TREE WITH BRANCHES OVER-HANGING THE BAYOU! WE CAN SURPRISE THEM THERE!

SHHH, BUCKY! HERE THEY COME!

TOMORROW NIGHT THE CARREAUX CURSE WILL BE FULFILLED ONCE MORE!

THIS'LL BE A SORT OF INFORMAL MEETING!

EH?

PARDON ME --- WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING ASHORE AND EXPLAINING A FEW THINGS?

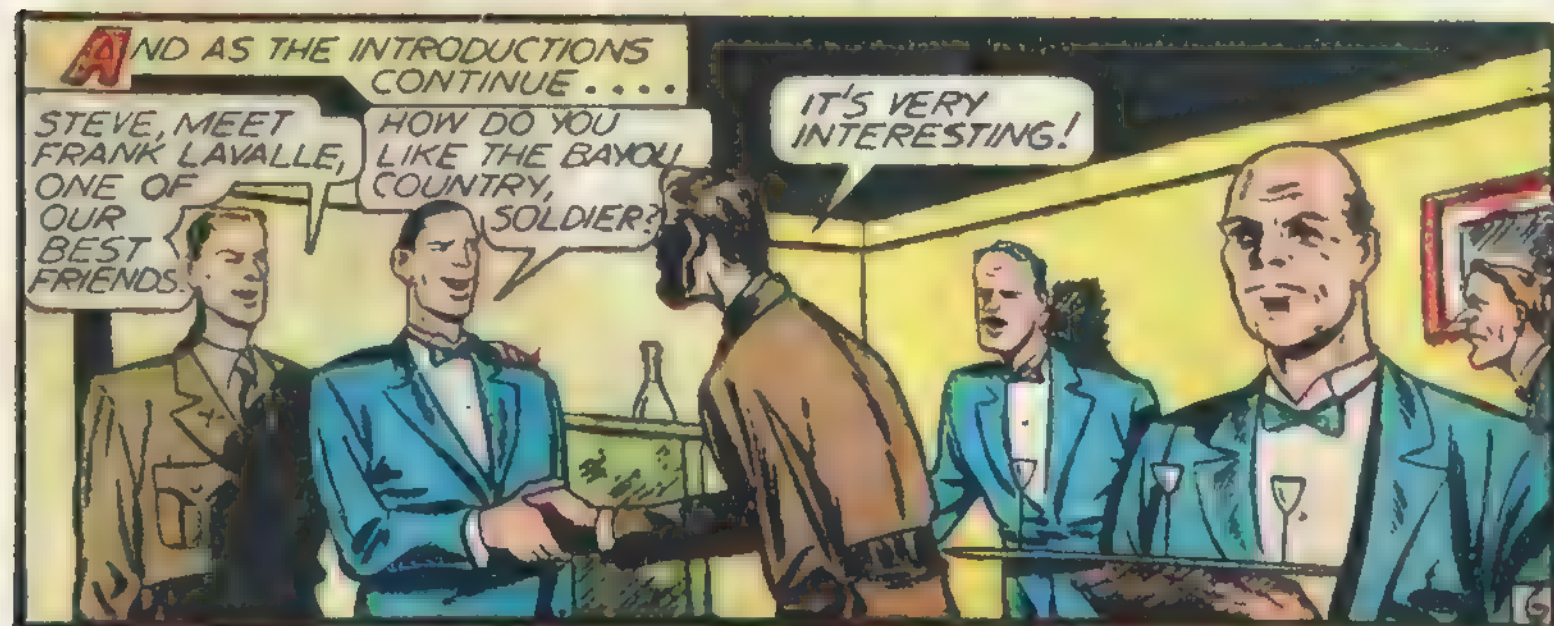
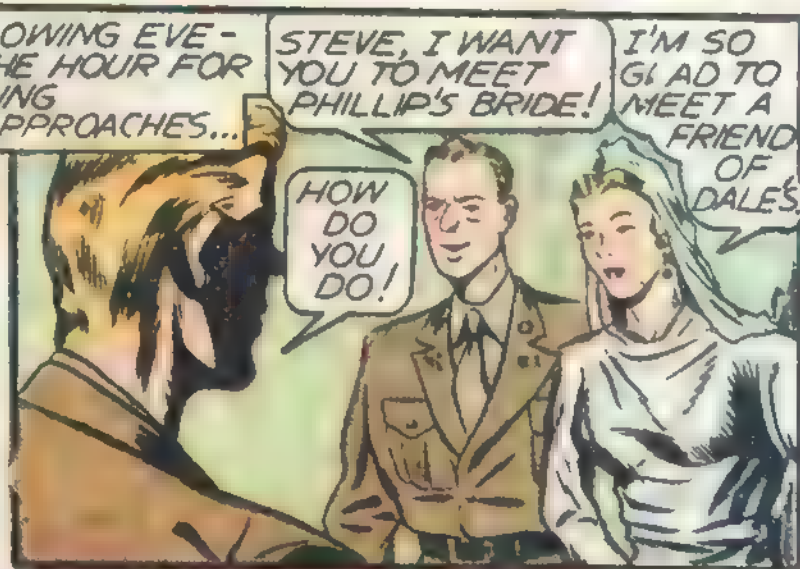
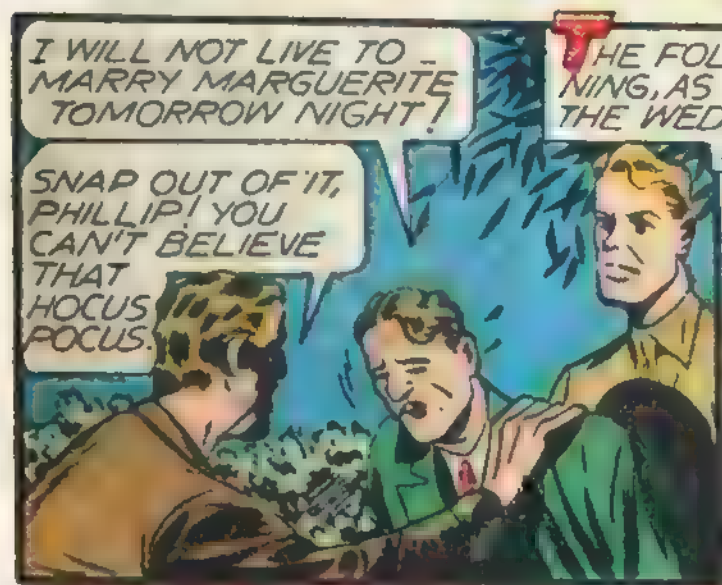
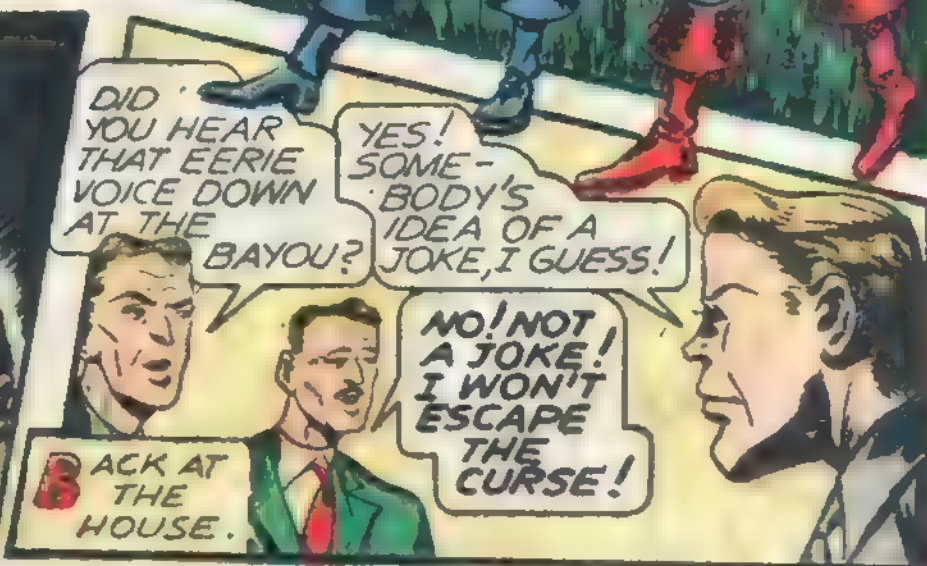
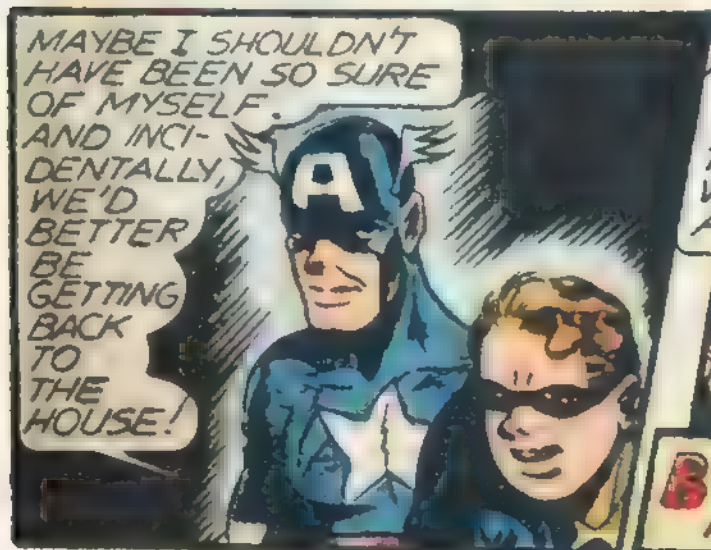
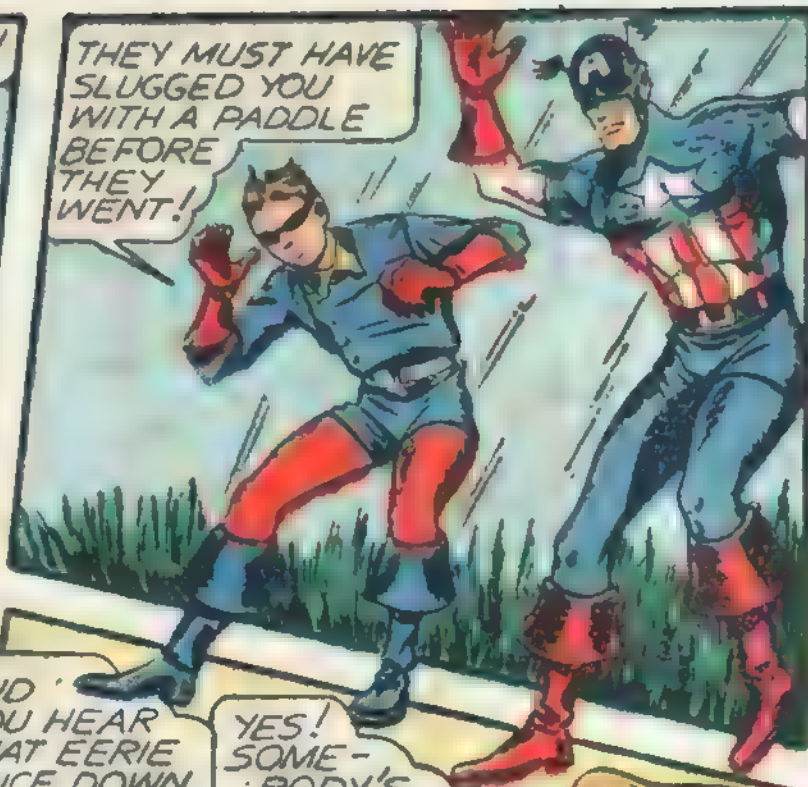
THE WIZARD DISAPPEARS IN THE HEAVY MIST!

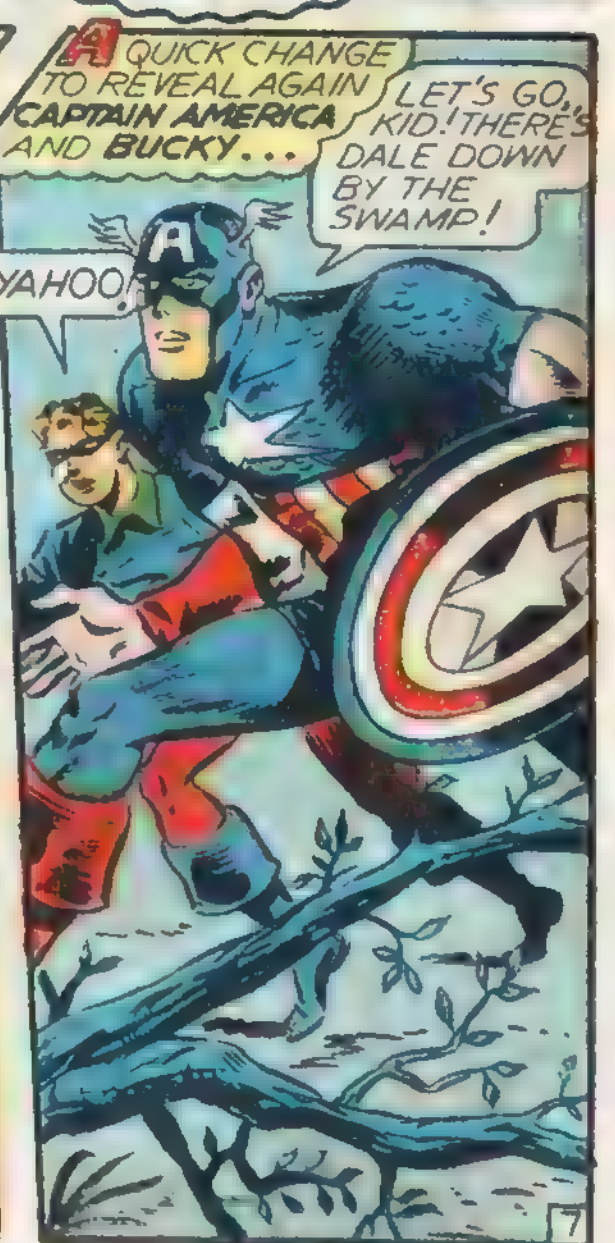
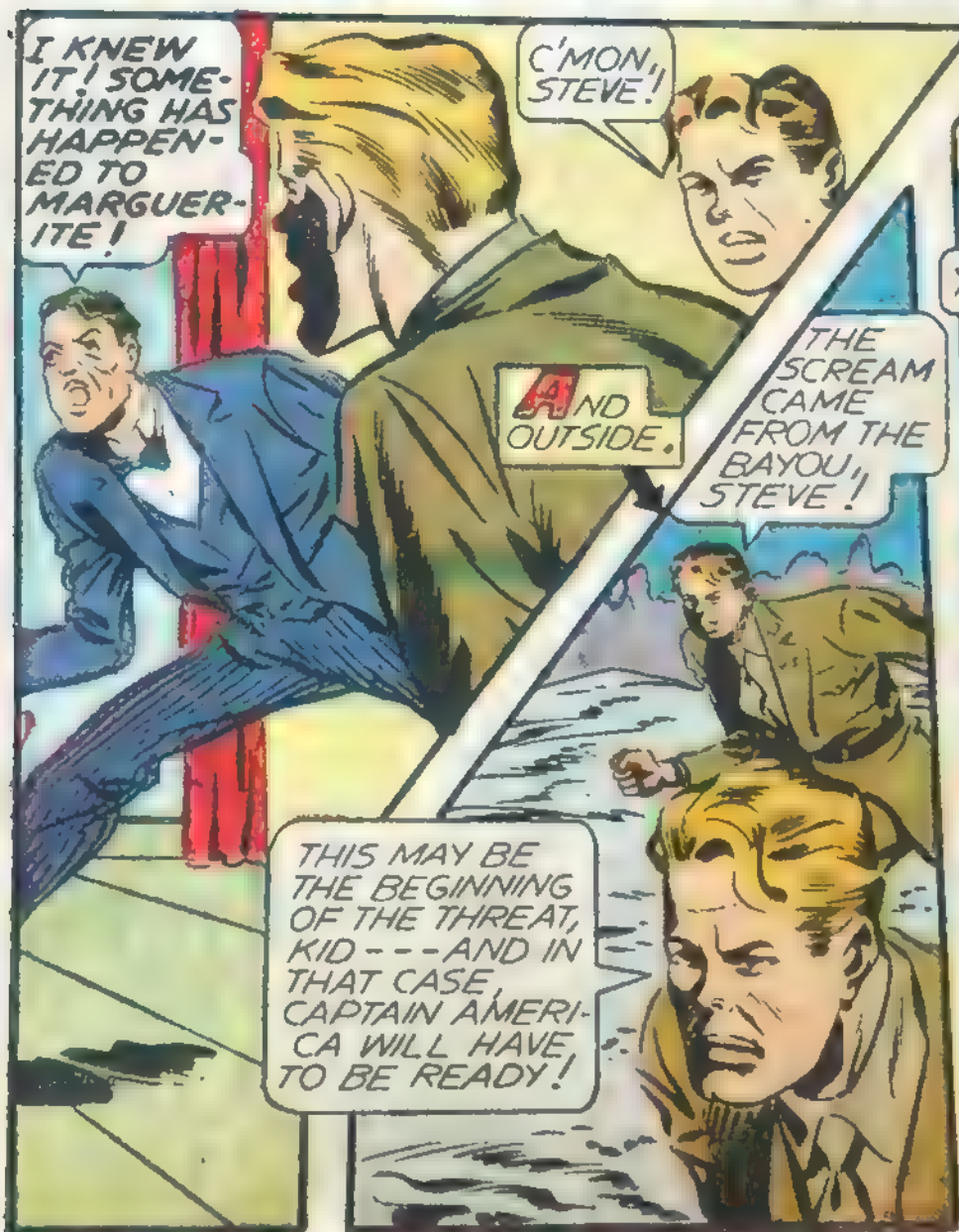
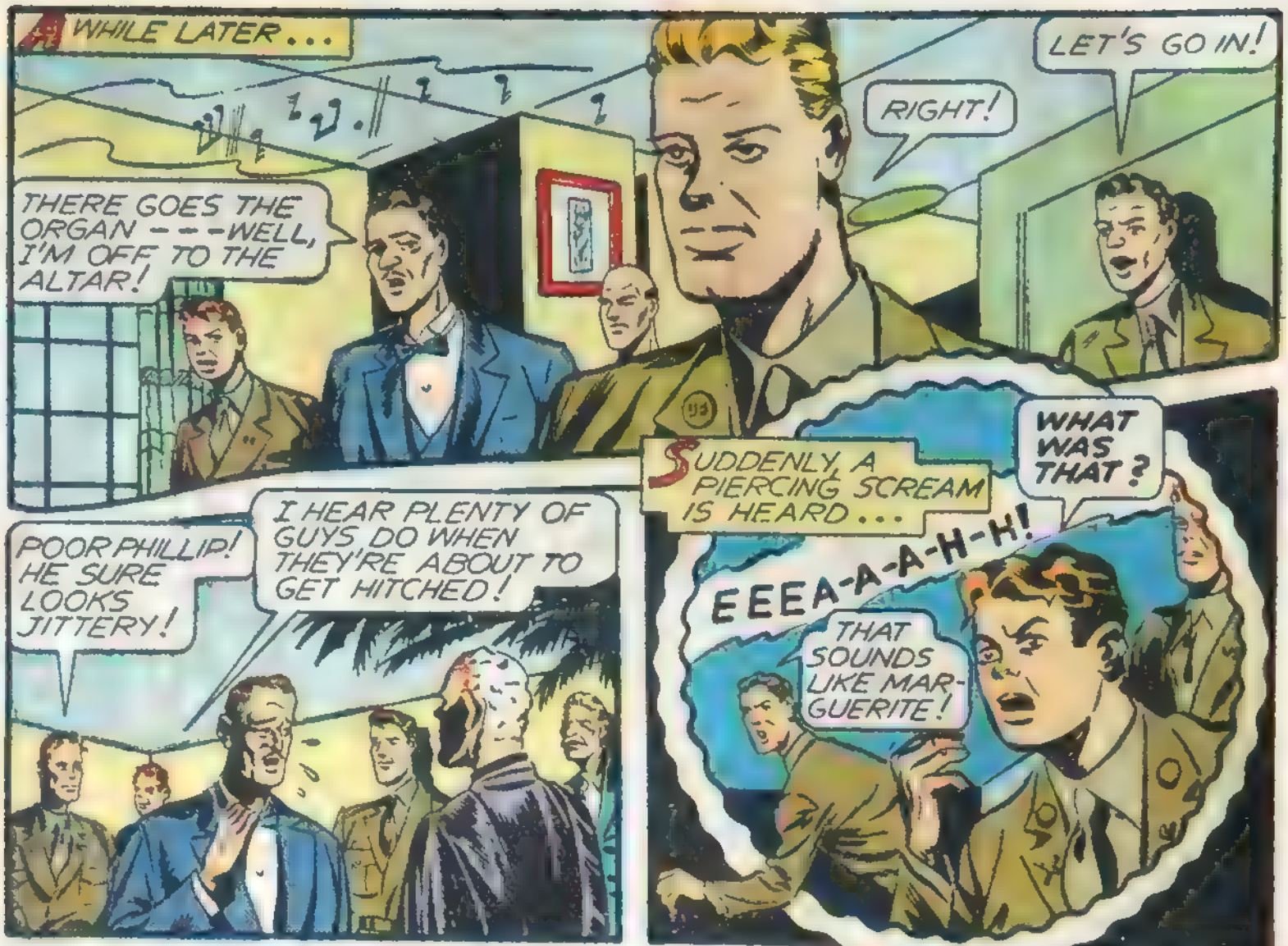
WHAT THE --- ? HE'S DISAPPEARED!

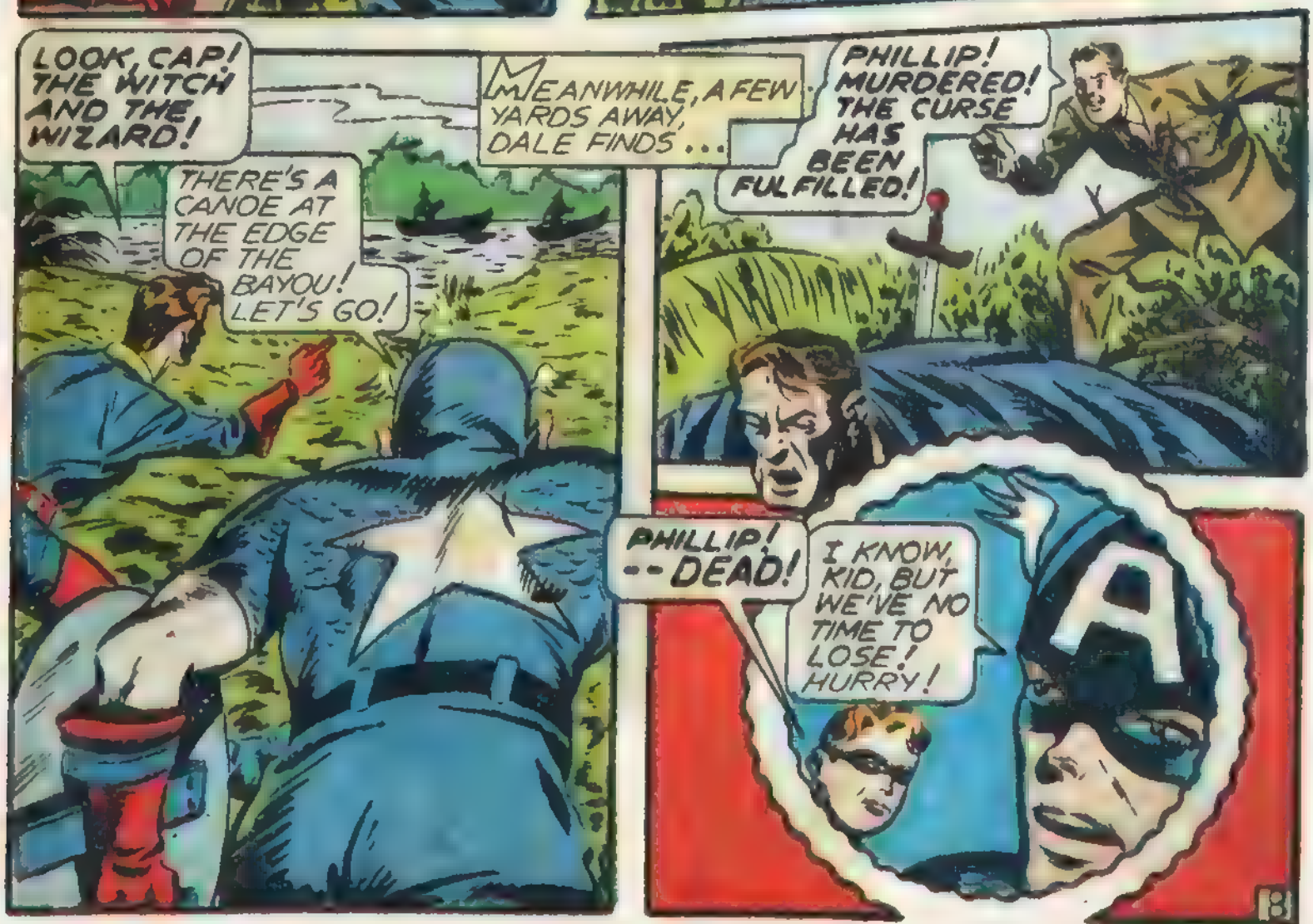
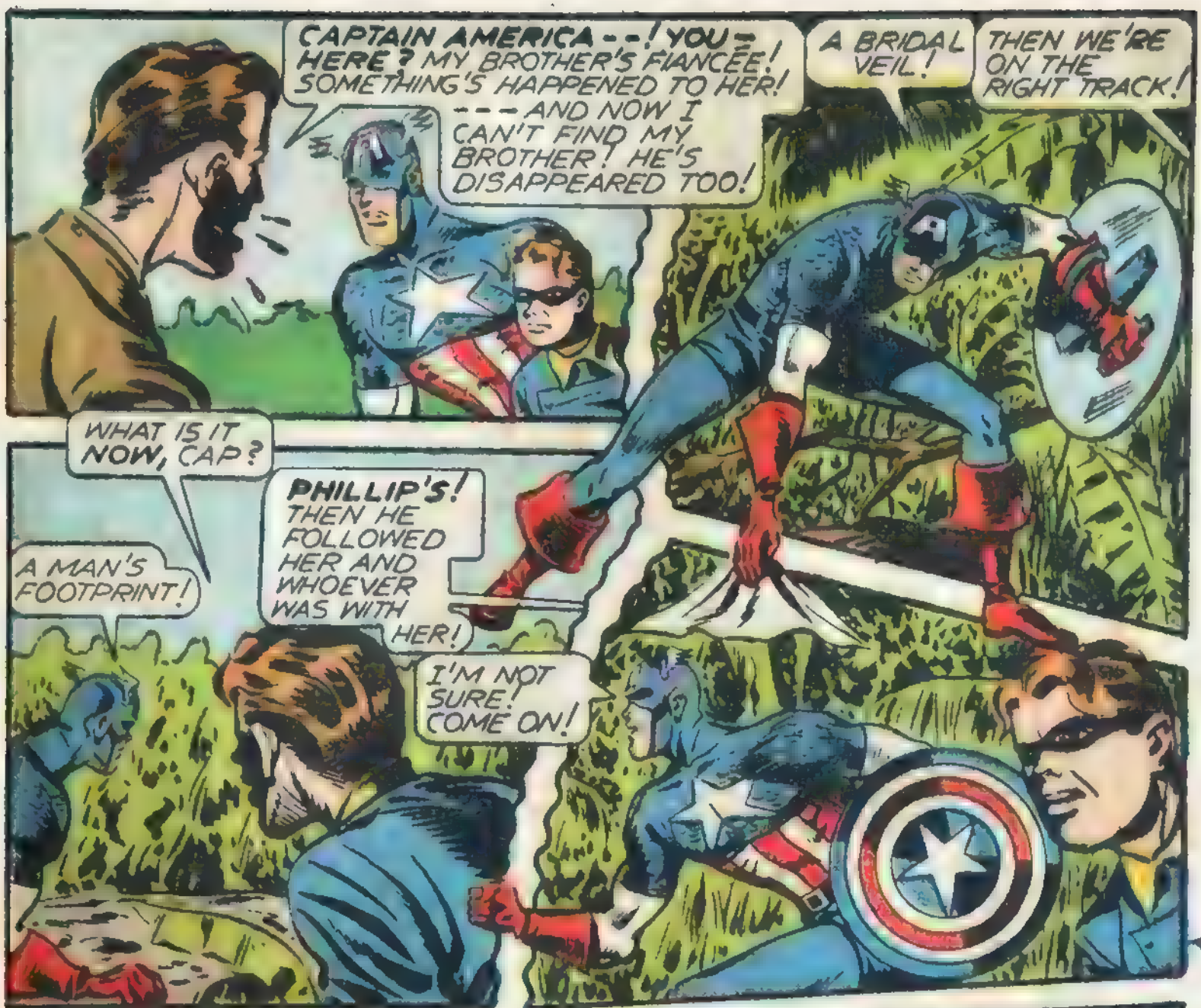
THEN FROM NOWHERE, A STINGING BLOW TO THE BACK OF CAP'S HEAD ...

OW!

HEY CAP! HANG ON!







PADDLING FURIOUSLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY GAIN ON THEIR WRAITHLIKE QUARRY...

WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM!

IF THEY DON'T DO ANY DISAPPEARING TRICKS LIKE THE LAST TIME!

..AND FINALLY PULL UP ALONG THE WIZARD'S CANOE...

FOOL! DARE TO APPROACH THE WIZARD OF THE BAYOU AND YOU DIE!

I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!

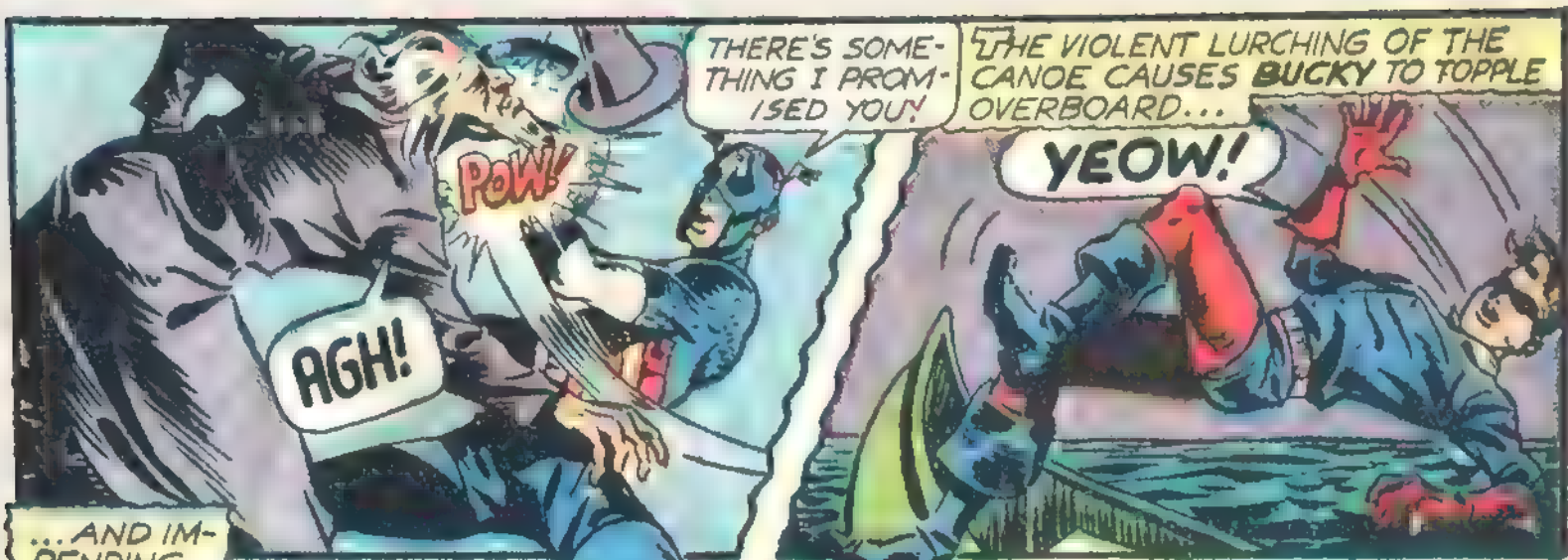
CAREFUL, CAP!

I PROMISED YOU DEATH, AND DEATH, YOU SHALL HAVE!

PRETTY SIMPLE INSTRUMENT FOR A MAN OF MAGIC TO HAVE!

SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE!

SIT DOWN! YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT!



THERE'S SOMETHING I PROMISED YOU!

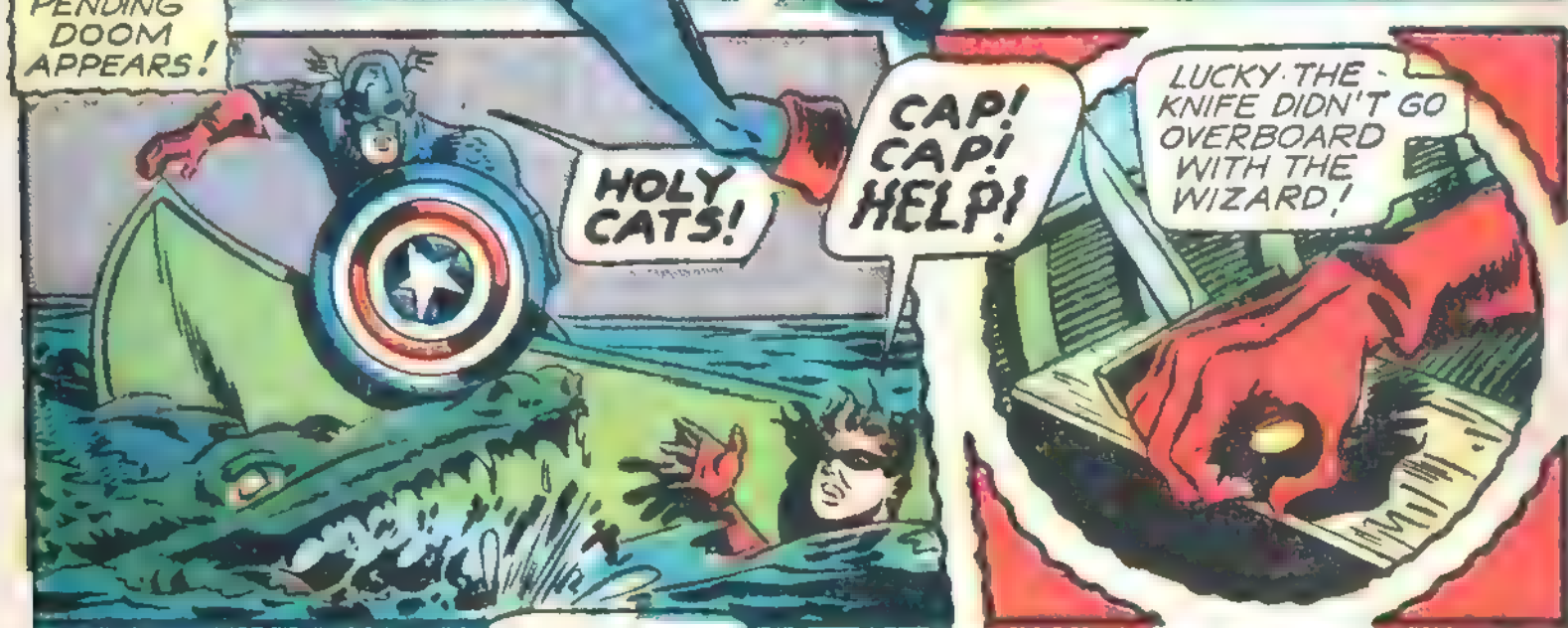
THE VIOLENT LURCHING OF THE CANOE CAUSES BUCKY TO TOPPLE OVERBOARD...

YEOW!

AGH!

POW!

...AND IMPENDING DOOM APPEARS!



HOLY CATS!

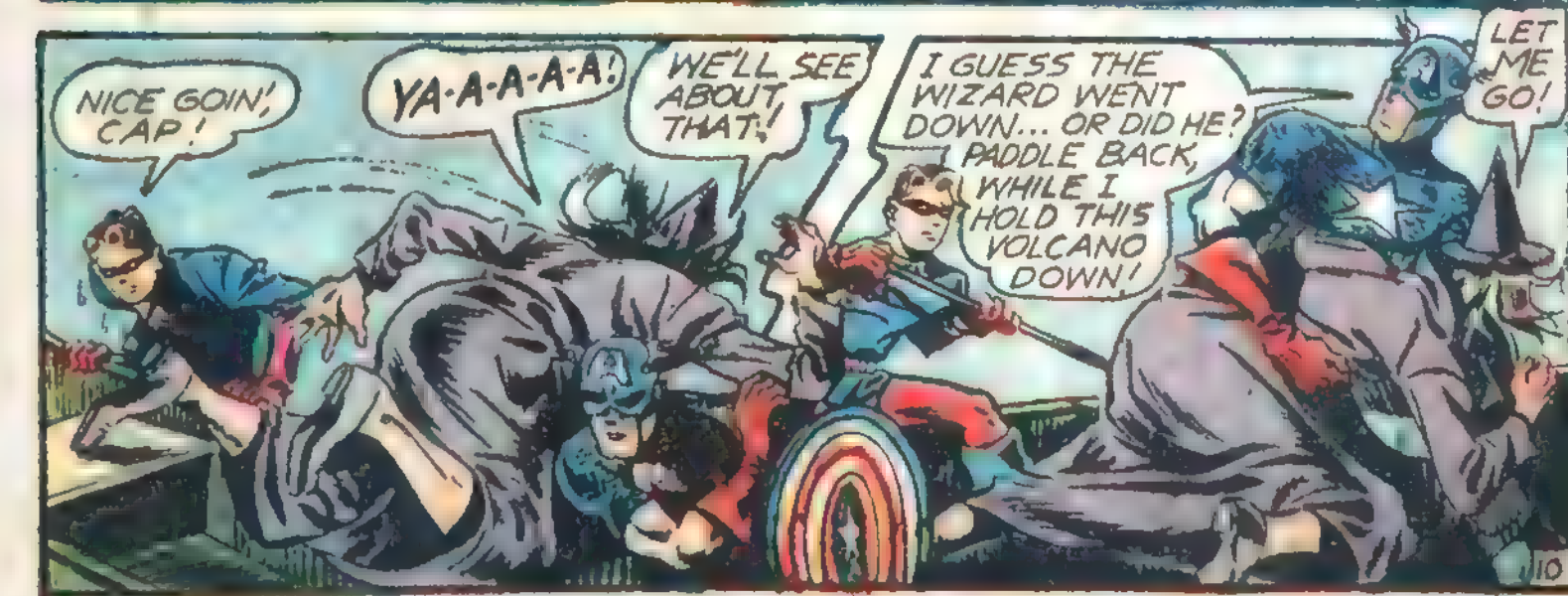
CAP!
CAP!
HELP!

LUCKY THE KNIFE DIDN'T GO OVERBOARD WITH THE WIZARD!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

WHEW! THANKS, CAP! HEY, NOW THE WITCH IS BEHIND YOU!



NICE GOIN', CAP!

YA-A-A-A-A!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

I GUESS THE WIZARD WENT DOWN... OR DID HE?
PADDLE BACK, WHILE I HOLD THIS VOLCANO DOWN!

LET ME GO!

BACK ON THE BANK OF THE BAYOU, A SHOT RINGS OUT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA DRAGS THE WITCH ASHORE....

SHE'S SHOT!

AGH!

WHAT TH-!

BANG!

AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, DALE AND A DAZED MARGUERITE APPEAR ON THE SCENE...

CAPTAIN AMERICA... I FOUND MARGUERITE GAGGED AND TIED TO A TREE!

PHILLIP... D-DEAD!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HERE'S YOUR WITCH! SHE'S REALLY A YOUNG GIRL... WEARING A MASK!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

PHILLIP DEAD! AND NOW THIS GIRL! WHO IS SHE?

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE JUST COME FROM THE HOUSE, MR. LAVALLE?

WHY, YES... OF COURSE!

THEN IT'S STRANGE THAT I SAW YOUR FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD WHEN I FIRST CAME OUT!

LAVALLE MAKES A SUDDEN MOTION TOWARD HIS POCKET...

AND DON'T TRY TO FIRE THRU YOUR POCKET THE WAY YOU DID WHEN YOU KILLED THE GIRL, MR. WIZARD!

THE WIZARD?

IT'S ALL OVER, I GUESS! YES! I WAS THE WIZARD... I LOVED MARGUERITE AND HATED PHILLIP BECAUSE SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY HIM! I HIRED THE GIRL TO MAKE IT APPEAR THAT THE CURSE WAS WORKING AGAIN!

AFTER TURNING LAVALLE OVER TO THE POLICE, CAP AND BUCKY DISAPPEAR TO AVOID FURTHER EXPLANATIONS... AND LATER...

POOR PHILLIP IS DEAD, BUT AT LEAST CAPTAIN AMERICA

BROUGHT HIS KILLER TO JUSTICE!

I WONDER HOW HE HAPPENED TO BE IN THE SWAMP?

THE END

THE IDOL OF NOKOA

PROFESSOR CASSIDY led the way into his private study. He stood next to the fireplace and watched the flickering shadows of the blaze play over the expectant features of his daughter Carol and her fiance, Frank Arnold.

"Well, Carol and Frank... you two have been after me for a long time to let you accompany me on one of my expeditions. At last I have good news for you. The museum is planning an excursion into the Yucatan region of Mexico... and you can come along with me if you want to!"

Carol jumped up from her seat and hugged her father. Young Frank put his arm around the professor's shoulder and grinned.

"So that's what you've been cooking up behind our backs, eh? Sounds good to me! When do we start?"

... When the party reached port in Mexico, they tarried only long enough to transfer their equipment to a train. Then began the weary journey inland to Merida, in Yucatan. This was accomplished in a few days. At last, the trio, tired and hungry, sat down at a table in their room in an old hotel, and prepared to eat and make final plans for the trip into the interior. They were served by a dark-skinned and silent waiter, who brought in all the delightful spiced meats and fruits for which Mexico is famous.

Professor Cassidy glanced around at his two companions

... hesitated a moment, and then spoke:

"I have a confession to make. There is something about this journey into the unexplored forests of Yucatan that I have not yet told you. But I think this is the time and place; so listen carefully. You know from your history of Mexico that the Aztec Indians ruled this country, until the Spaniard Cortez ravaged the land and looted its wealth. Naturally, there were some Indians who escaped into the forests, taking whatever riches they could manage to carry along with them."

Cassidy's unflinching eyes met those of his daughter and the young man by her side. They seemed hardly to breathe, as they hung upon his every word, trying to guess the full purport of what the grey-haired Professor was saying.

"Well, to come to the point... we are going to hunt for hidden treasure, as well as scientific information!"

Immediately there was a hubbub of questions.

"But, dad," Carol asked, "how can you expect to find a treasure that has been hidden for centuries in a forest that is practically unexplored?"

"I was about to explain that," Cassidy replied. "There is a legend here in Yucatan that when the Aztecs fled into the forest, they carried with them their wooden idol of Nokoa, most powerful of their gods. Nokoa was reputed to be an

extremely vengeful god. So the superstitious natives around here have not dared to enter the forest in search of the idol and the treasure it apparently guards!"

"That's where we come in!" exclaimed Frank enthusiastically. "Let's get going!"

The Professor laughed. "Take it easy, Frank! We can get at least one good night's rest! Tomorrow will be soon enough."

Cassidy turned to the waiter. "That will be all for tonight, Chavez. You can take the dishes away."

Chavez smiled, his perfect set of white teeth gleaming in the candlelight.

"Good night," he said. "And pleasant dreams, mios amigos!"

... A bright sun in a cloudless sky greeted the eager trio on the next memorable day. Mules had been hired, but not a single native would agree to accompany them into the forest. They were on their own, and it was with some misgivings that the party set out over dusty roads toward the fringe of the black woods, which could be seen in the distance.

An hour later, the explorers were engulfed by the dark shadows of the massive trees and jungle growth. They moved ahead slowly, for tangled vines barred their path, and had to be cut away slowly with machetes.

Multi-colored birds swooped around them, emitting a chorus of raucous melodies. They seemed to be taunting these

human intruders, and warning them of some awful peril ahead!

Suddenly, in the distance, they noticed an area which seemed brighter than the surrounding gloom. At once, their spirits mounted, and they headed toward the clearing in the midst of the jungle. At last they broke into the bright tract. Rays of sunlight were beating down above the stately trees, giving the clearing the appearance of an outdoor cathedral.

They looked about them. There was a feeling in the air that someone or something was watching their every move. Suddenly, Carol pointed to a pile of rocks in the clearing and cried out:

"Look! On top of that pile of rocks! It's a...a wooden statue!"

The two men followed her gaze. A shiver of mixed fear and elation gripped them. For there, standing majestically on the rock-pile, was the wooden idol of NOKOA!

"We've found it!" Cassidy shouted. "It's the idol of the vengeful god Nokoa! The legend is that he guards the treasure of the Aztecs, so it *must* be around here somewhere!"

And then a familiar voice broke in.

"You are quite right, mios amigos! The treasure must be around here; and I thank you for leading me to it!"

There, at the edge of the clearing, stood Chavez, the waiter of the previous night, with a revolver in his hand!

"Your talk at dinner table was most unwise," the dark-skinned Mexican said. "I followed you all morning. I have sought the idol of Nokoa for

months, but in vain. Now you have succeeded for me!"

It was apparent what the grinning Chavez was going to do next. Three shots would ring out in the forest... Nokoa would be the only witness! Chavez raised his arm a little higher... his finger tightened on the trigger.

Then it was that a most extraordinary thing happened! A weird cry echoed through the forest as all eyes turned upward to the figure perched on the pile of rocks. The idol of Nokoa was moving!

Yes, the lifeless statue was moving... the rocks were moving... the earth under their feet was moving. It was an EARTHQUAKE!

The violent tremor of the ground sent three men and a girl to their knees. Their frantic eyes were lifted to the tottering figure of Nokoa. It wavered unsteadily... and suddenly crashed to earth, crushing the screaming Chavez under its weight!

Seconds later, the quake ceased. Frank examined Chavez. He was dead!

The Professor spoke soberly. "Perhaps Nokoa really *is* a vengeful god! He saw the evil Chavez about to commit murder, in this beautiful place, sacred to this Aztec god. Who can say if the earthquake was an act of Nokoa, or merely a timely phenomenon?"

"Nokoa saved our lives all right," Frank said. "But the treasure of the Aztecs... what about that?"

Then Carol let out a sudden cry. "Look! Where the pile of rocks was!"

They ran forward to the site where the quake had scattered

the stones. And there, with their covers ripped open, stood several wooden chests. Sparkling jewels and bars of gold gleamed in the rays of the sun! They had found the hidden treasure of the Aztecs!

"But what if the vengeful Nokoa should punish us too?"

The old Professor glanced at the shattered fragments.

"I don't think Nokoa can harm anyone now!" he murmured.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of All Winners Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York 1 ss.
County of New York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1945.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

THE HUMAN TORCH

Marked for Death!

...SUCH IS THE PERILOUS PLIGHT OF TWO MEN ENVESHED IN THE EVILS OF Voodoo TERROR! WHAT CRAFTY HAND FASHIONS IMAGES OF DESTRUCTION? ...WHY HAS THE NEFARIOUS MURDER-MAN CHOSEN THESE TWO FOR HELPLESS VICTIMS? THIS AND MORE BECOMES A MAZE OF MYSTERY FOR THAT POWER-HOUSE TEAM OF TORCH AND TORO, WHO MATCH WITS AND FLASHING FISTS AGAINST A DIABOLICALLY CUNNING KILLER IN THE CASE OF...



Voodoo MURDERS!

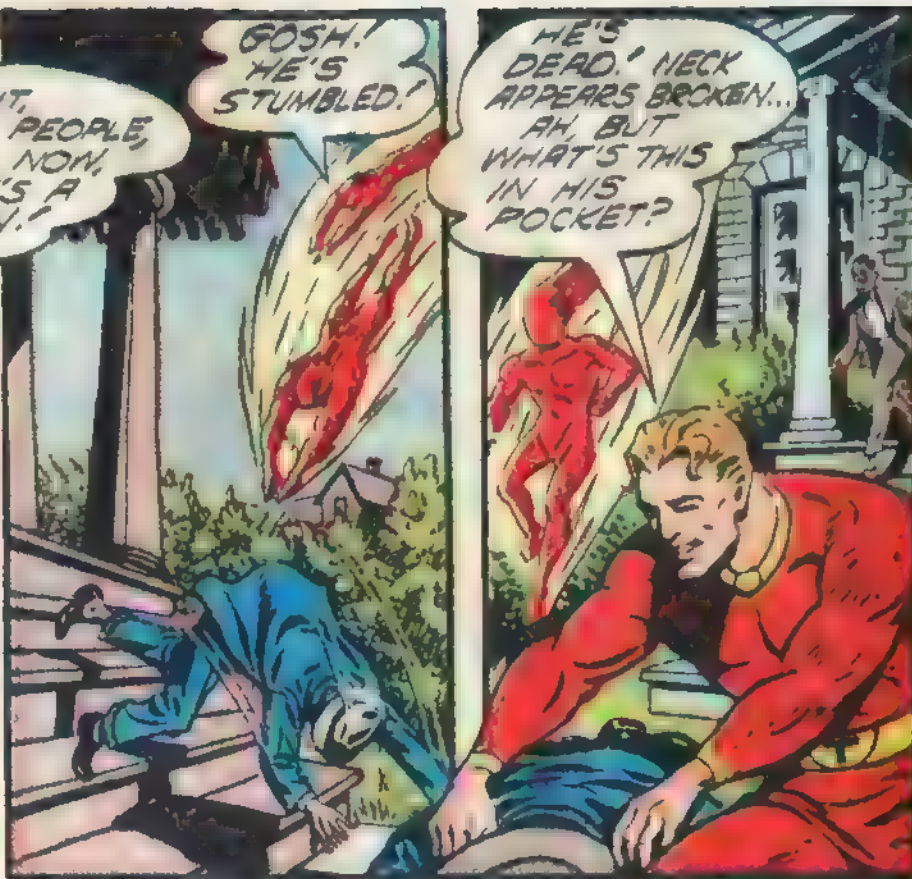
ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON...

WE'VE FLOWN ACROSS
MANHATTAN AND HAVEN'T
SEEN ANY EXCITEMENT.
IT'S EVEN QUIETER
HERE. NOTHING BUT
HOMES AND HILLS!

TUT, TUT,
TORO! PEOPLE,
TOO. NOW,
THERE'S A
MAN!

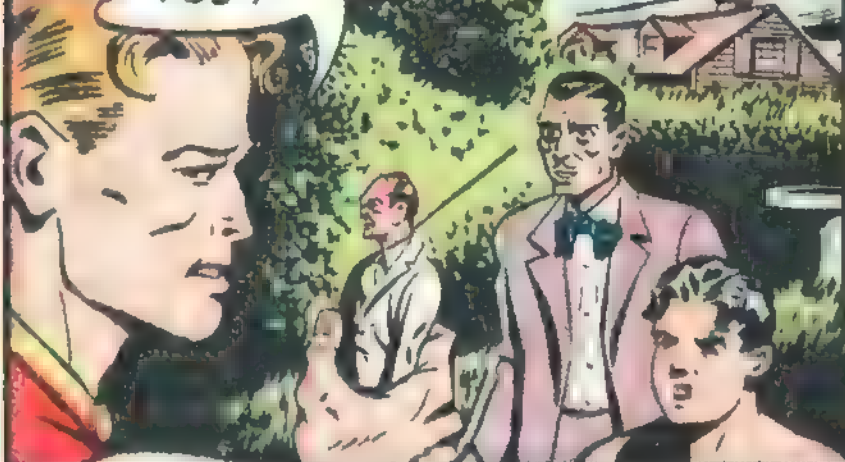
GOSH!
HE'S
STUMBLED!

HE'S
DEAD! NECK
APPEARS BROKEN...
AH, BUT
WHAT'S THIS
IN HIS
POCKET?



IT'S A
VOODOO IMAGE
OF THE DEAD MAN!
MADE OF IVORY!
OH, OH, WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M BARNES, THE HOUSEMAN.
MR. TOM... THAT'S TOM WENTWORTH,
RECEIVED THE DOLL IN THE MAIL
THIS MORNING... NO SENDERS
NAME OR ADDRESS... AND HE
ONLY LAUGHED AT IT!



GOSH! A
NEEDLE'S PIERCED
THE NECK AND
WENTWORTH
DIED OF A
BROKEN
NECK!

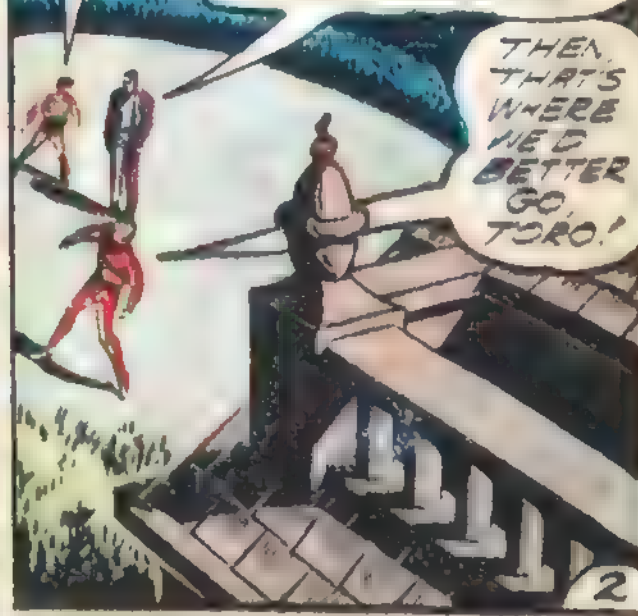
ACCORDING
TO VODOOISM,
WHEN AN IMAGE
IS MADE OF A
PERSON, HE
DIES THAT
WAY!

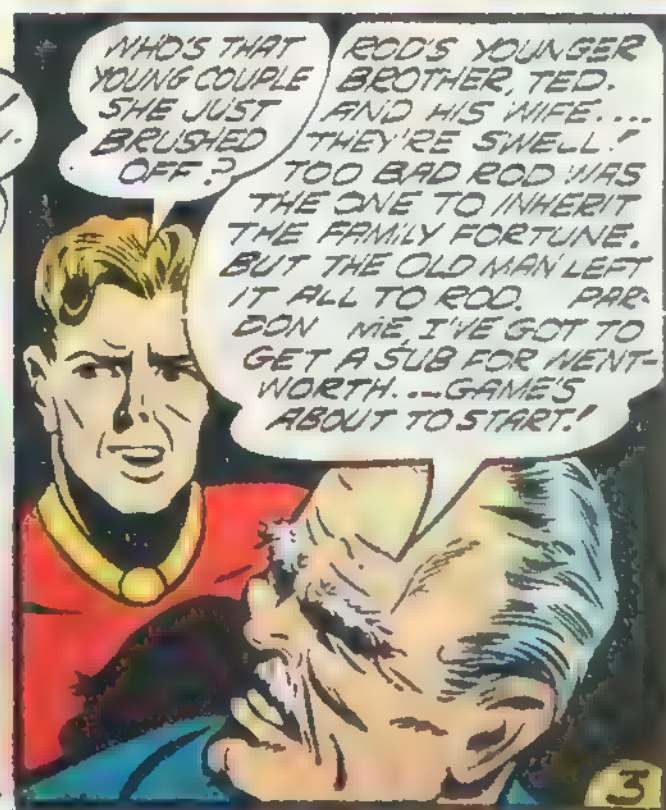
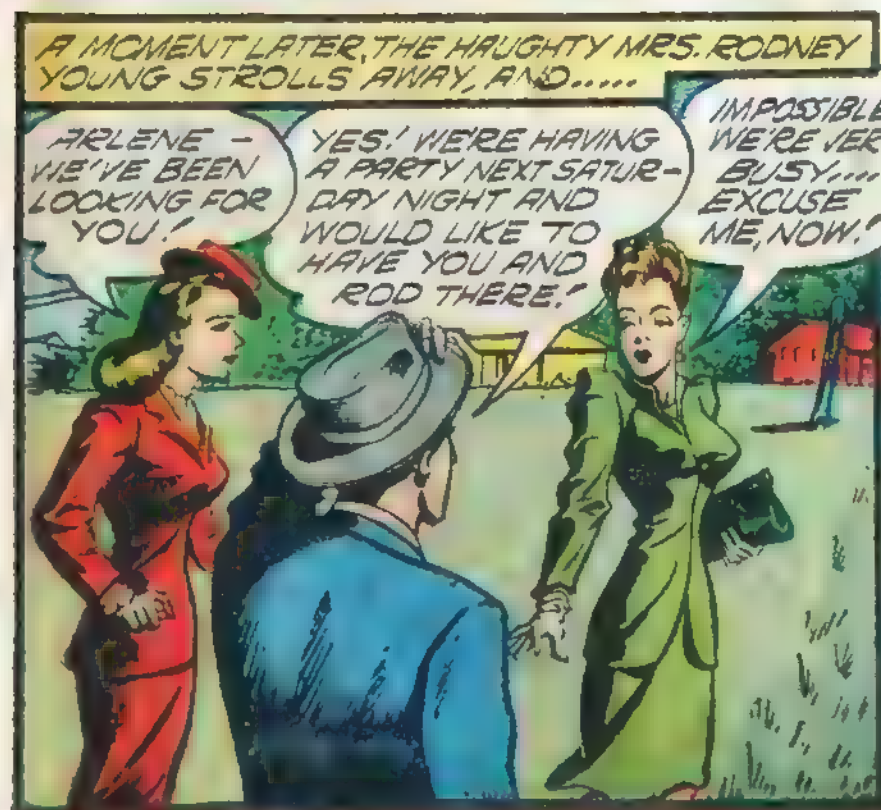
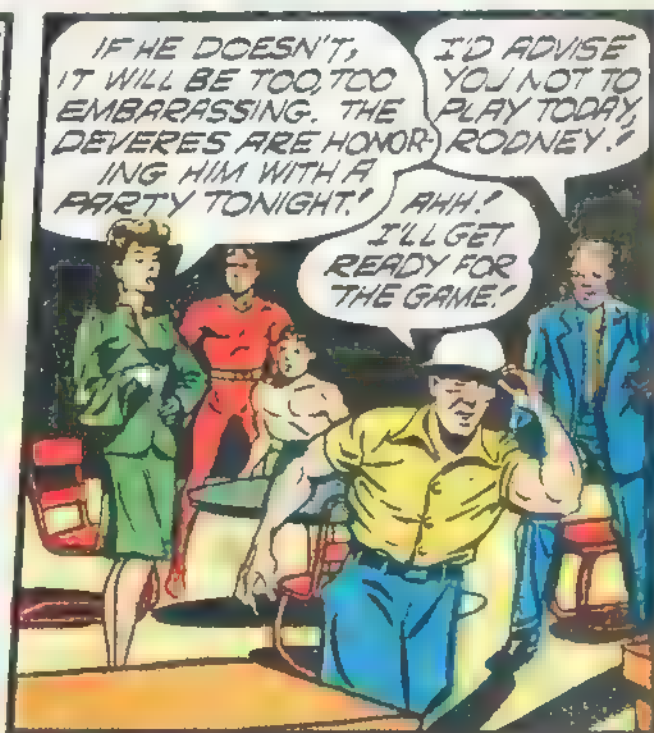
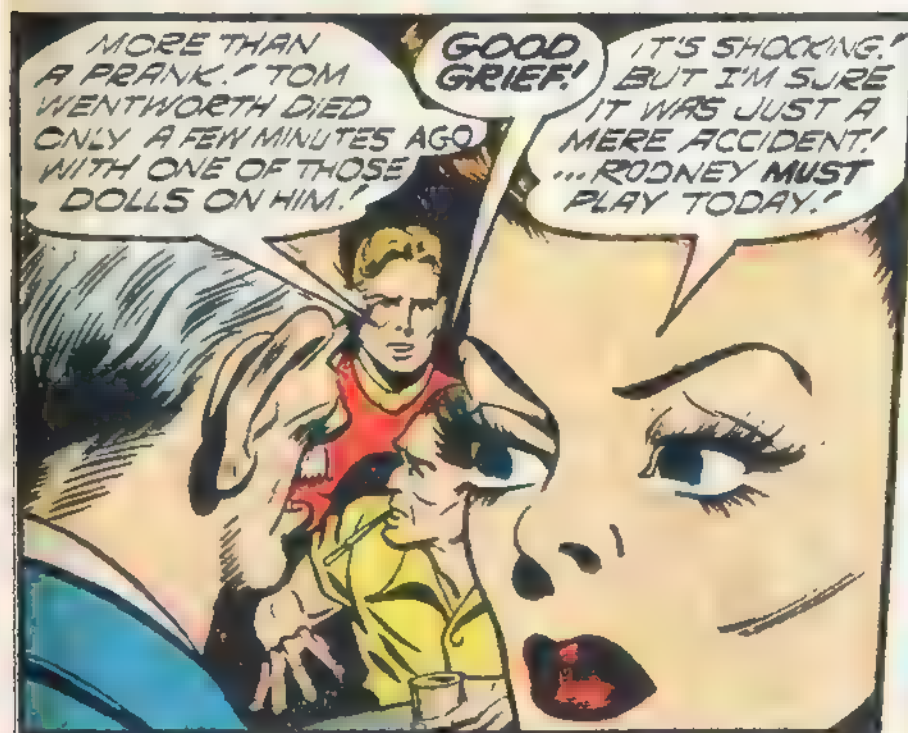
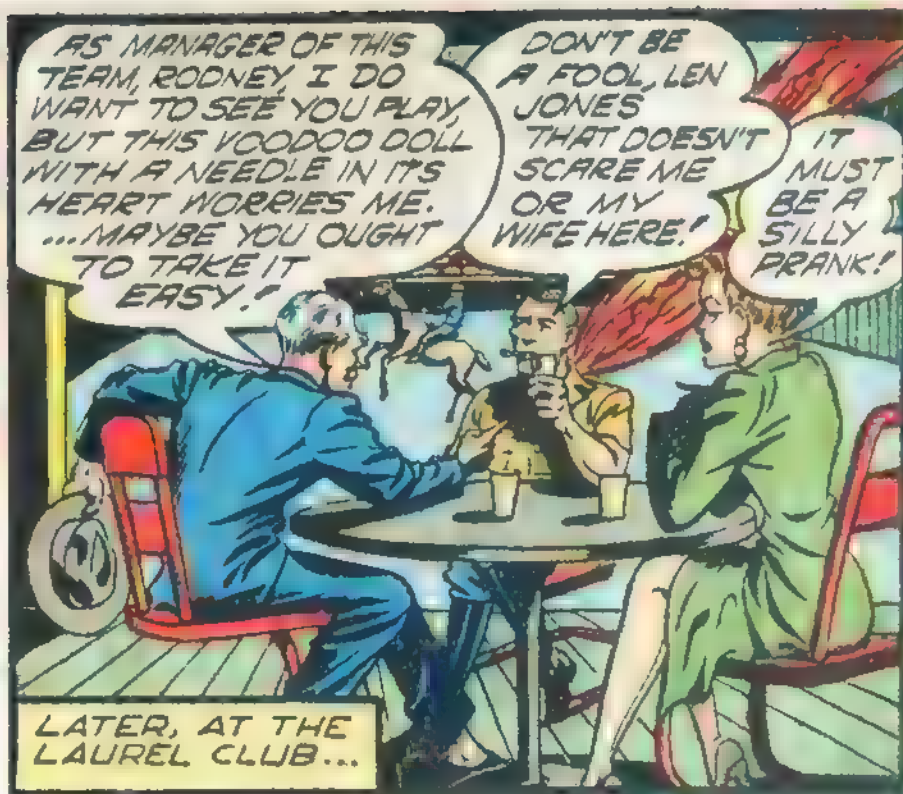
WHAT'S
MORE,
SIR,
RODNEY
YOUNG
RECEIVED
A DOLL,
TOO!

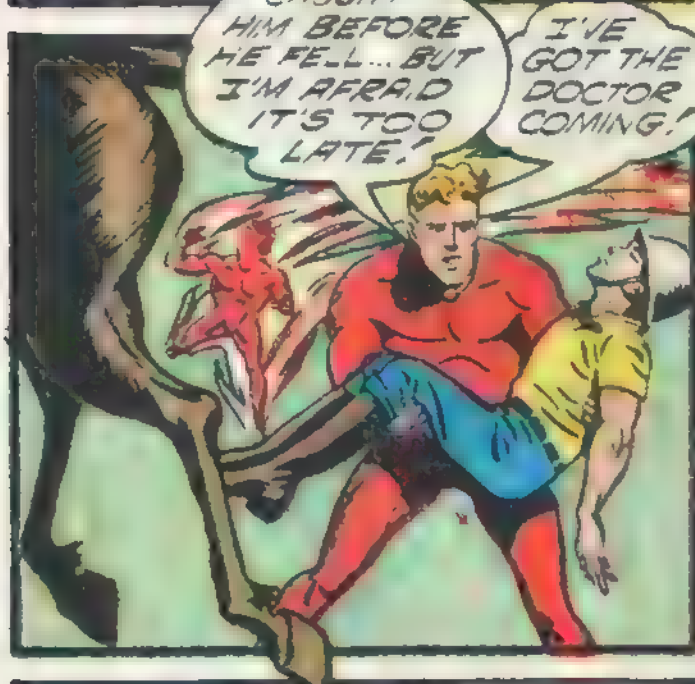
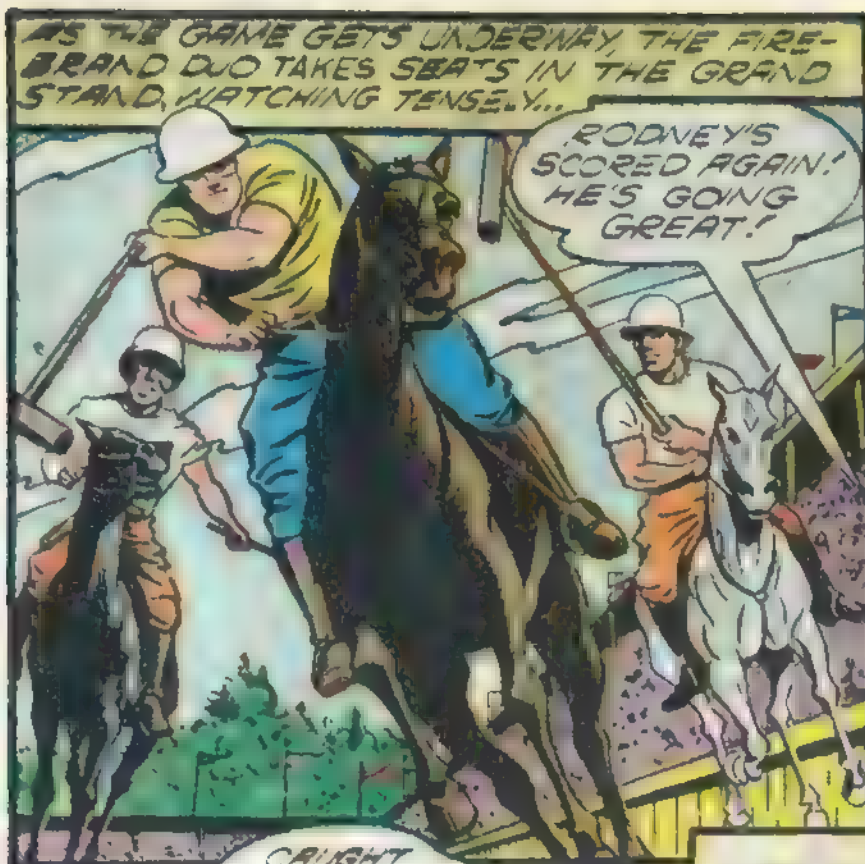
AND
WHO'S
RODNEY
YOUNG?

A PROFESSIONAL POLO
PLAYER... SO WAS MR.
WENTWORTH. WENT-
WORTH WAS JUST ON
HIS WAY TO PLAY WITH
RODNEY AT THE LAUREL
POLO GROUNDS!

THEN,
THAT'S
WHERE
WE'D
BETTER
GO,
TORO!







SOON AFTER, WITH THE HONORABLE CHIEF.....

WE WERE CURIOUS ENOUGH TO AUTOPSY WENTWORTH'S BODY, AND FOUND HE WAS POISONED. WE QUESTIONED BARNES BUT HE KNOWS NOTHING. WHAT ABOUT THOSE DOLLS, TORCH?

I THINK THEY CAN BE TRACED. THEY'RE MADE OF IVORY AND ONLY A FEW COMPANIES DEAL IN IT!

IF YOU CAN CHECK ON THEM AND WHO THEY SELL TO.... THERE'S A CHANCE OF TRACKING DOWN OUR DOLL-MAKER!

GOOD! I'LL PUT THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT ON IT AT ONCE!

A BIG TASK, BUT SKILLED DETECTIVES AND GOVERNMENT MEN CHECK ALL IMPORTANT COMPANIES. THE AFTERNOON WAKES, AND THEN....

MURPHY REPORTING - EASTERN IMPORTERS SOLD THAT IDENTICAL IVORY TO THE HAND-CARVE STORE RIGHT HERE IN TOWN... TO AN OLD WOMAN THEY KNOW AS CORINA OF SIX HARGROVE LANE. SHE SAYS SHE MAKES TOYS.

SOME TOYS!

SIZZLING SECONDS LATER, AT 6 HARGROVE LANE....

WHAT A GLOOMY PLACE! LISTEN, SOMEONE'S CHANTING!

STRAYBA, KAYBA, IN WE GO!

DIMI, KAUNI, SORROW AND NOE, SHED NO TEAR WHEN THEY GO. STRAYBA, KAYBA, SORROW AND NOE!

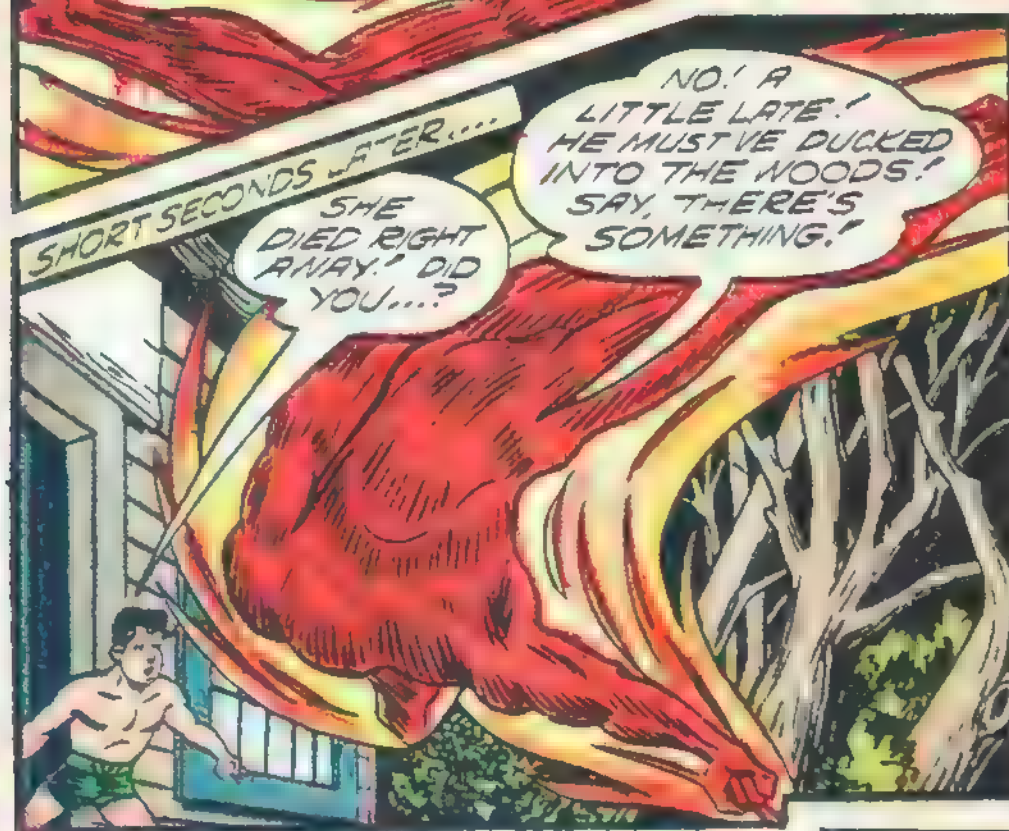
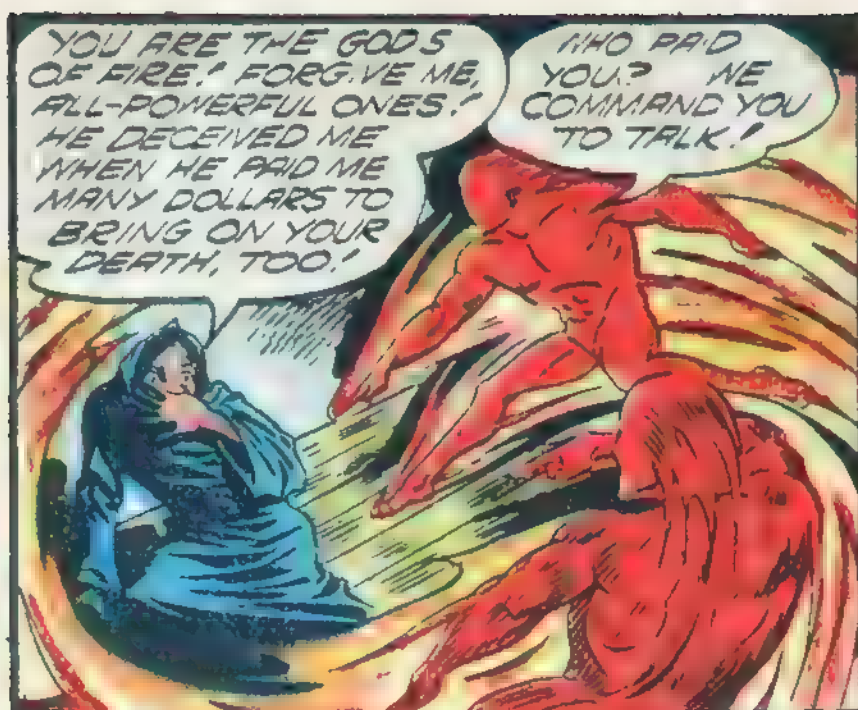
A STUNNING SURPRISE AWAITS THEM....

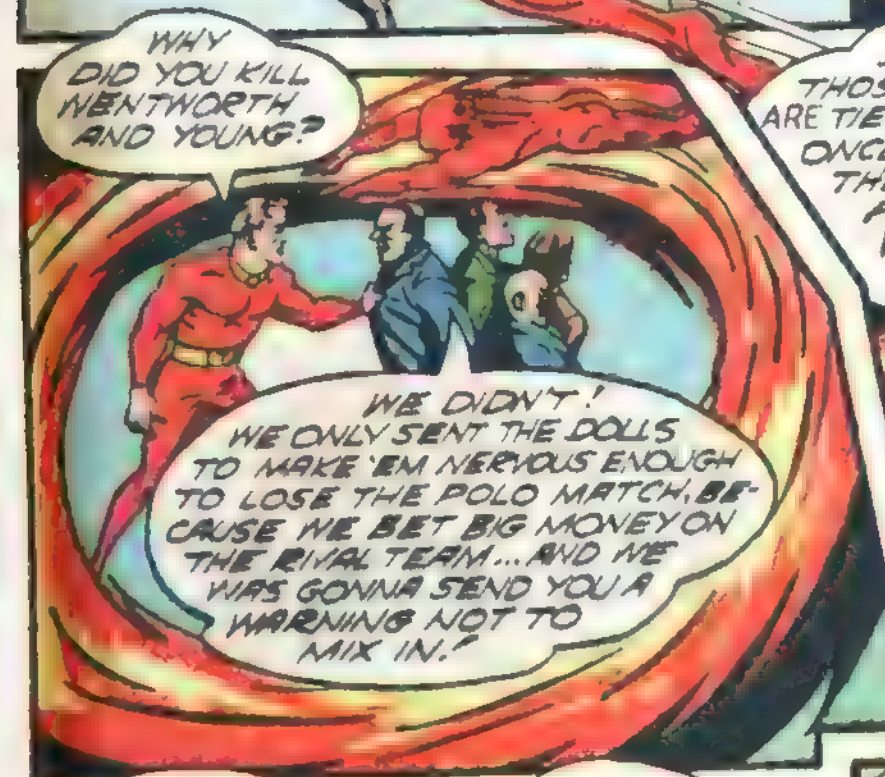
HA, HEE, HEE, IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE YOURSELVES! I FIRST DIPPED THOSE NEEDLES IN FIRE! THE FLAME GREW BRIGHT! THE GODS OF FIRE APPROVE YOUR DEATH! HEE, HEE, HEE!!

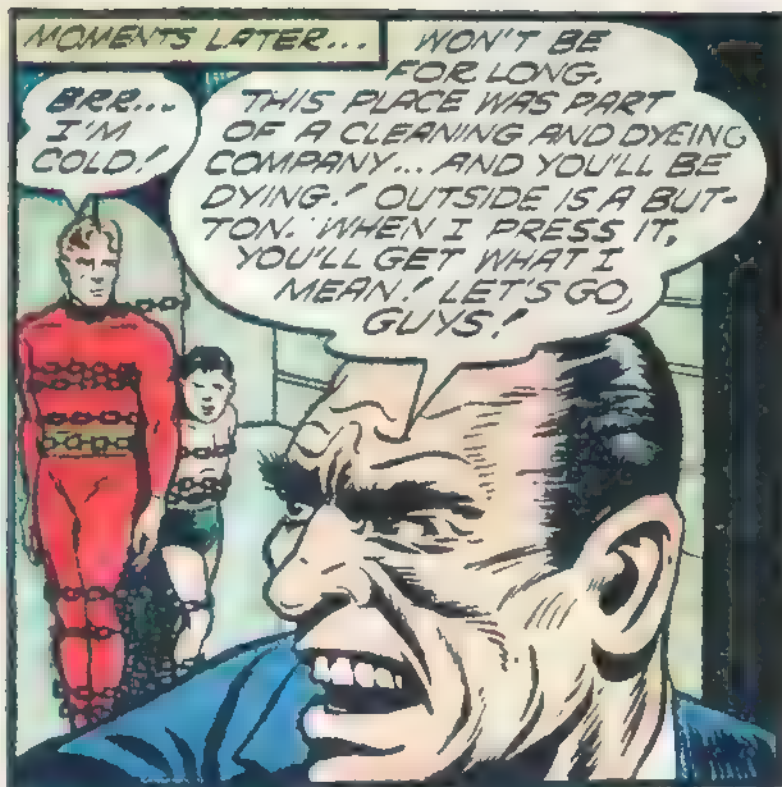
THOSE VOO-DOO DOLLS! THEY'RE US, TORCH!

SHE'S A BELIEVER! LET'S SHOW HER!









MOMENTS LATER...

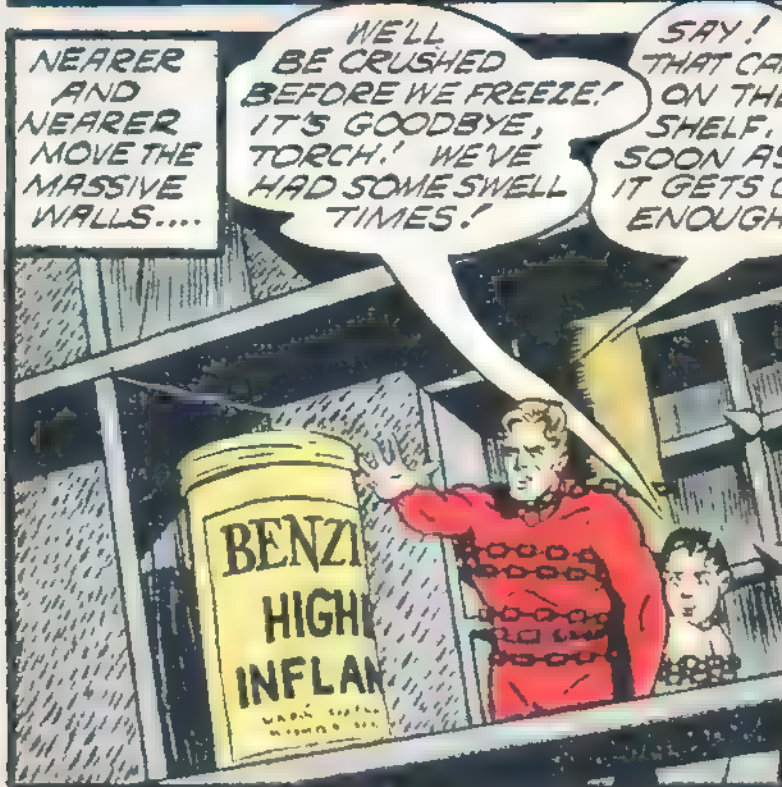
BRR...
I'M
COLD!

WON'T BE
FOR LONG.
THIS PLACE WAS PART
OF A CLEANING AND DYEING
COMPANY... AND YOU'LL BE
DYING... OUTSIDE IS A BUT-
TON. WHEN I PRESS IT,
YOU'LL GET WHAT I
MEAN! LET'S GO,
GUYS!



THE WALLS!
THEY'RE
MOVING!

SO THAT'S WHAT HE
MEANT! THEY'RE STEEL
WALLS, MEANT TO CLOSE
IN AND CRUSH US! IF WE
COULD ONLY FLAME... IT'S
NO USE! THAT ANTI-FIRE
SPRAY STOPS US
COLD!



NEARER
AND
NEARER
MOVE THE
MASSIVE
WALLS....

WE'LL
BE CRUSHED
BEFORE WE FREEZE!
IT'S GOODBYE,
TORCH! WE'VE
HAD SOME SWELL
TIMES!

SAY!
THAT CAN
ON THE
SHELF,
SOON AS
IT GETS CLOSE
ENOUGH...

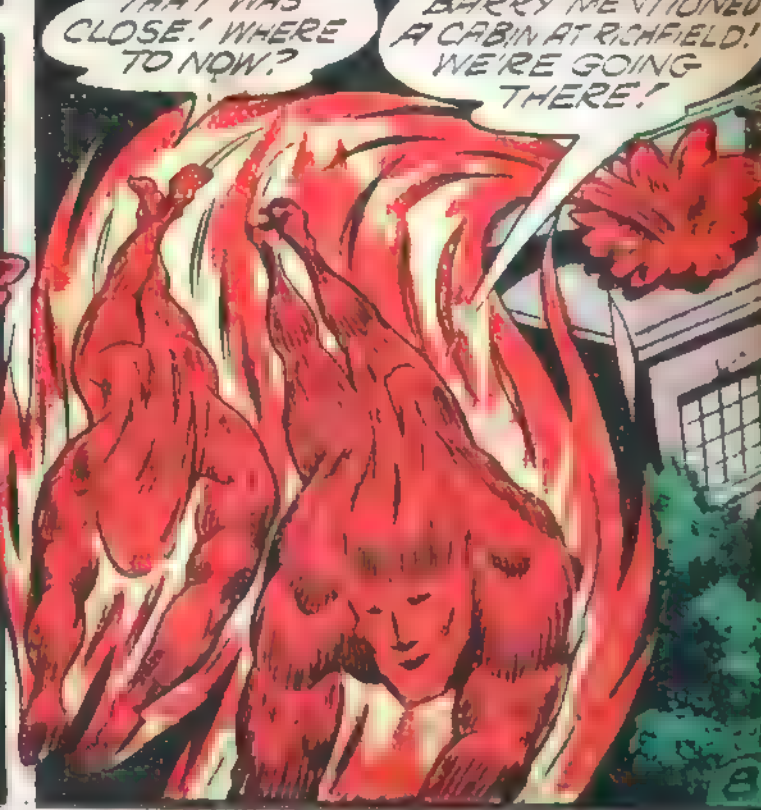


GOSH!
IT MUST BE
LEFT OVER FROM
THE CLEANING
AND DYEING
BUSINESS!

LUCKY
FOR US... IT
IS HIGHLY
INFLAMMABLE!
GOT TO POUR
IT ON US
FAST!



THERE!
IT IGNITED
THROUGH THE
CHEMICALS SPRAYED
ON US!



WHEN!
THAT WAS
CLOSE! WHERE
TO NOW?

BIG
BARRY MENTIONED
A CABIN AT RICHFIELD!
WE'RE GOING
THERE!

SOON AFTER, RICHFIELD RESIDENTS SEE TWIN FIRE-BOLTS STREAK TOWARD THEIR TINY TOWN AND....

IT'S THE TORCH AND TORO!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CABIN THAT HAS A CONNECTION WITH TWO POLO PLAYERS, YOUNG AND WENTWORTH.

THAT CABIN-IT'S A MILE NORTH. NO ONE EVER GOES THERE! IT'S HAUNTED!

EIGHT YEARS AGO, RODNEY SR. DIED IN AN ACCIDENTAL FALL THERE WHILE WEEKENDING WITH THE OTHER TWO-LAST FEW WEEKS THE OLD MAN'S GHOST HAS BEEN WALKING... AND OTHER PHANTOMS COME AND GO.

INTERESTING, EH, TORO?

YOU BET! LET'S GO!



IN A FEW SECONDS...

GREAT GHOSTS! THE GHOST!

AND SOMEONE IN TROUBLE!

HELP!



HELP! I DON'T WANT NO PART OF GHOSTS!

IT'S OUR PALS!

ME NEITHER, GHOSTS AND ME DON'T MIX! BUT STOP YELLIN'!

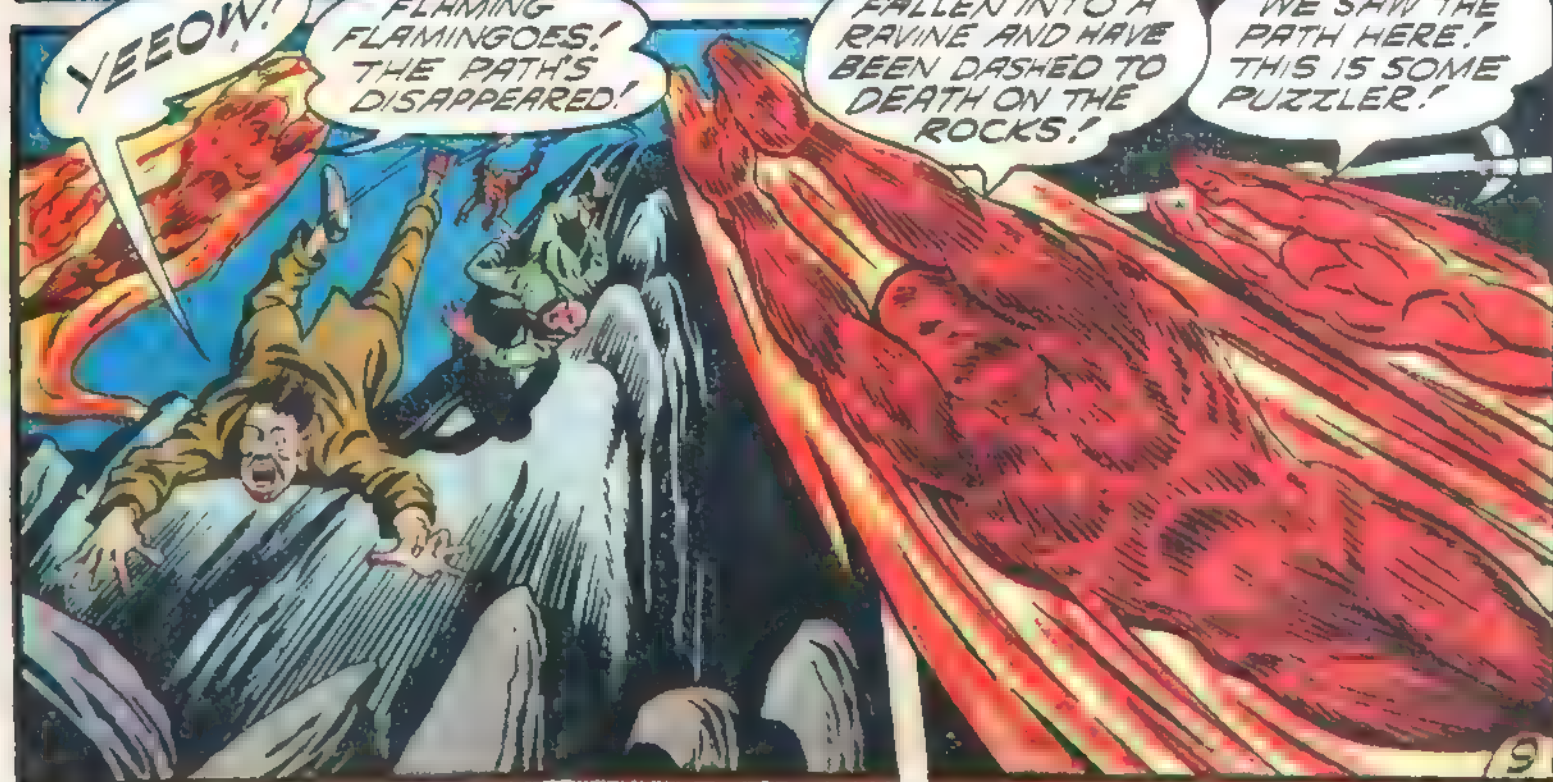


YEEOW!

FLAMING FLAMINGOES! THE PATH'S DISAPPEARED!

THEY'VE FALLEN INTO A RAVINE AND HAVE BEEN DASHED TO DEATH ON THE ROCKS!

BUT WE SAW THE PATH HERE! THIS IS SOME PUZZLER!



THE PERPLEXED PAIR MOVES TOWARD THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.....

OH, OH, THE GHOST AGAIN! WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, TORCH?

THERE'S ONE RAY OF LIGHT THAT CERTAINLY ISN'T PART OF THE MOON-LIGHT.... IT'S COMING FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW! FLAME ON, BOY, WE'RE GOING UP!

GOSH! A MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR!

THAT EXPLAINS THE GHOSTS AND THE GHOST PATH! NOW TO GET THE HAND BEHIND THIS OPERATION!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT A MESS - WE LAND RIGHT IN A CISTERN FULL OF LIME! BETTER GET OUT FAST! YOU OKAY, TORO?

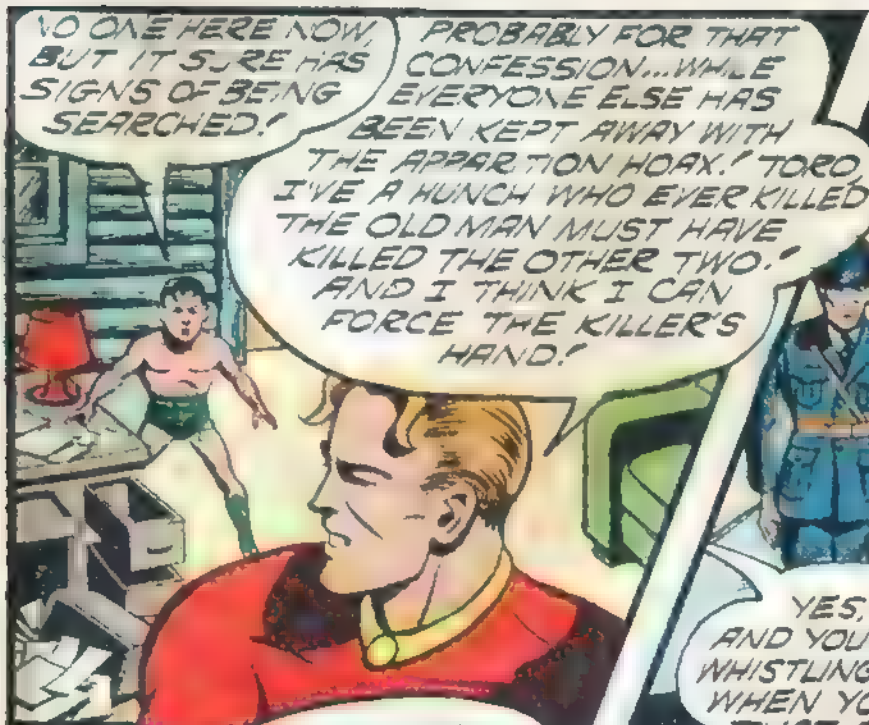
COMING RIGHT UP!

WHAT'S THAT PAPER I ACCIDENTALLY DIS-LODGED?

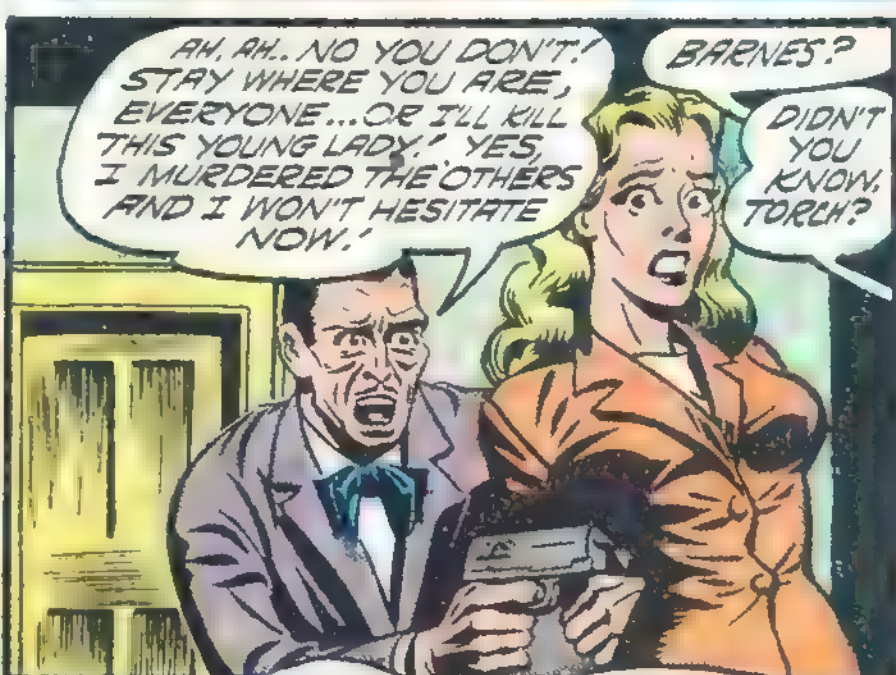
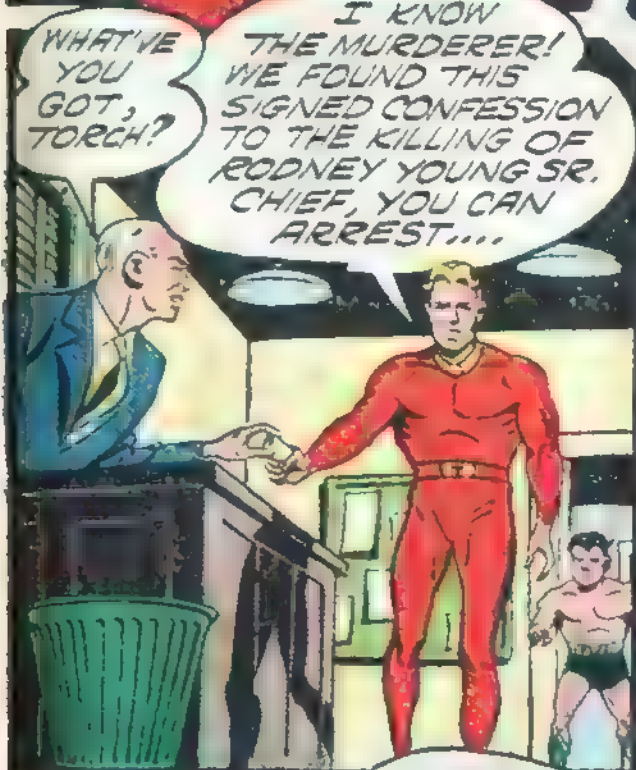
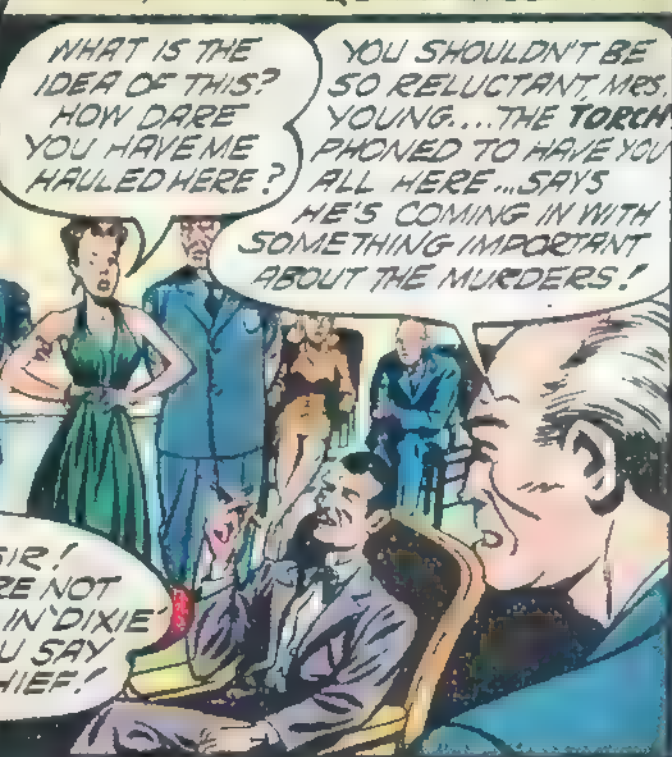
WE'LL SOON SEE!

I, the undersigned, confess that on May 3, 1937 I killed Rodney Young Sr. by shoving him into a ravine near the cabin at Richfield. I.

LIME ACID MUST HAVE ERODED THE SIGNATURE! THIS GIVES THE CASE A NEW ANGLE.... AND I THINK ENOUGH TO GO ON! FIRST WE'RE GOING TO LOOK IN THAT CABIN!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS.....





THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BARNES!

SOON....

NOW, LET'S HEAR THE REST, BARNES!

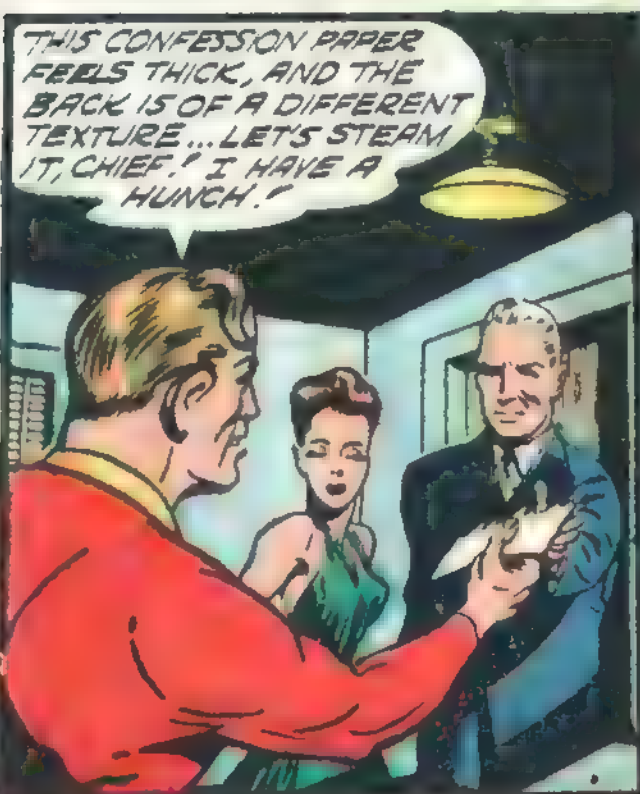
RODNEY AND WENTWORTH HAD ME SIGN A CONFESSION, BUT, OF COURSE, PROMISED NOT TO USE IT UNLESS... RODNEY SPLIT HIS INHERITANCE WITH WENTWORTH TO KEEP HIM QUIET ABOUT THE WILL. I WAS LEFT THE GOAT WITH NOTHING BUT THEIR WORD TO KEEP MY CONFESSION CONCEALED. THIS DIDN'T SEEM FAIR TO ME....

.. ONCE I OVERHEARD THEM SAY THE CONFESSION AND WILL WERE HIDDEN AT THE CABIN.... I FINALLY RESOLVED TO FIND THE DOCUMENTS. BUT I HAD TO KILL THEM SO I WOULD HAVE A CLEAR COAST TO MAKE THE SEARCH. THIS I FOUND TIMELY TO DO WHEN THE VODOO DOLLS WERE SENT TO THEM.... PROJECTING GHOSTS AT THE CABIN WAS TO FRIGHTEN ANY INTERFERENCE AWAY. IF MY PLANS HAD WORKED OUT, I WOULD BE FREE OF MY SIGNED CONFESSION AND MIGHT HAVE BLACKMAILED TED FOR HALF THE FORTUNE BY EXPOSING THE TRUE WILL!

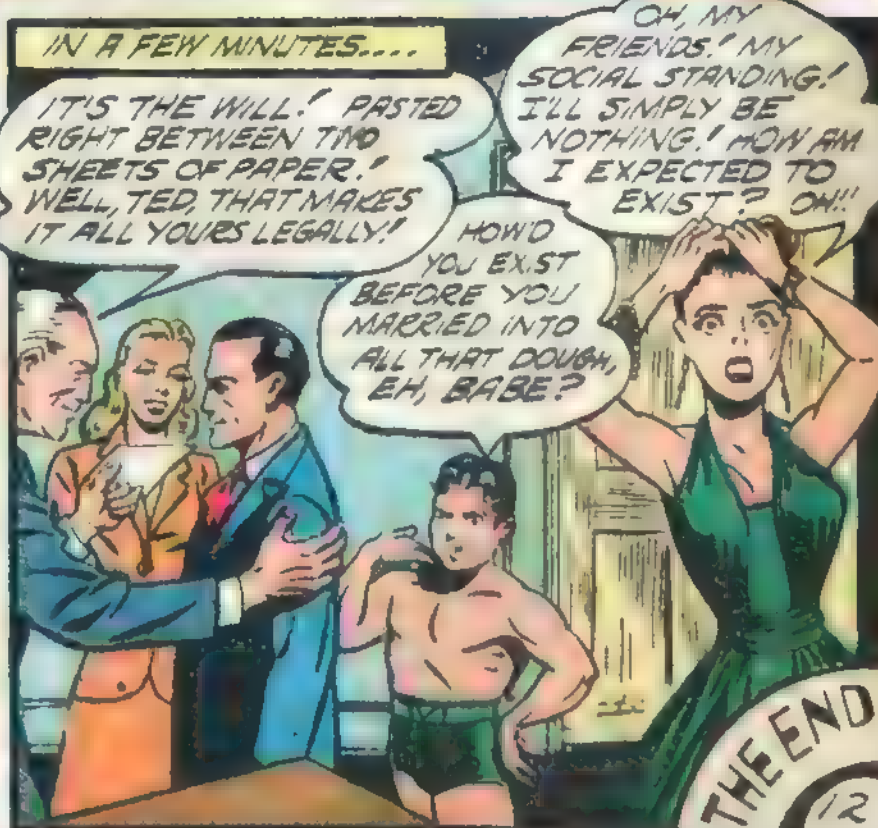
THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE FORTUNE IS RIGHTFULLY YOURS, TED!

THE MONEY'S MINE! I SHANT PART WITH A CENT. ANYWAY, WITHOUT THE WILL THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

YOU'RE RIGHT BUT WE MAY FIND THE WILL!



THIS CONFESSION PAPER FEELS THICK, AND THE BACK IS OF A DIFFERENT TEXTURE... LET'S STEAM IT, CHIEF. I HAVE A HUNCH.



IN A FEW MINUTES....

IT'S THE WILL! PASTED RIGHT BETWEEN TWO SHEETS OF PAPER. WELL, TED, THAT MAKES IT ALL YOURS LEGALLY!

OH, MY FRIENDS! MY SOCIAL STANDING! I'LL SIMPLY BE NOTHING! HOW AM I EXPECTED TO EXIST? OH!!

HOW'D YOU EXIST BEFORE YOU MARRIED INTO ALL THAT DOUGH, EH, BABE?

THE END 12

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The

WHIZZER



CAN A MAN ROB A BANK IN CHICAGO AT 1:00 A.M. AND BE IN SAN FRANCISCO AT 1:01 A.M.? THAT'S EVEN FASTER THAN THE WHIZZER CAN MOVE! JOCK BLINTZ, ACE VAULT CRACKER, FIGURED ON THE FLEET-FOOTED PURSUIT OF JACK ROBINSON, ALIAS THE WHIZZER, AND GIVES HIM A RUN FOR HIS MONEY IN----

THE MYSTERY OF---

"THE BANK JOBS!"

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE BROTHERS BLINTZ... IDENTICAL TWINS...

YOU KNOW, JEFF, YOU'RE A REAL BROTHER... A TRUE BLINTZ!

THANKS, JOCK! ANY TIME YOU NEED AN ALIBI, JUST CALL ON ME, BECAUSE I WASN'T THERE! HA! HA! HA!

JUST THINK WHAT WE COULD DO IF WE WORKED TOGETHER ON THE SAME JOB!



I'VE GOT A PLAN TO ROB TWO BANKS THE SAME NIGHT, AND GET RID OF THE WHIZZER TOO!

THE WHIZZER! SORRY, JOCK, THAT'S ONE GUY I STAY CLEAR OF! INCLUDE ME OUT!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, JEFF. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO WOULD BE TO GO TO SAN FRANCISCO NOW, AND... BUZZZZZ!

I GET IT!



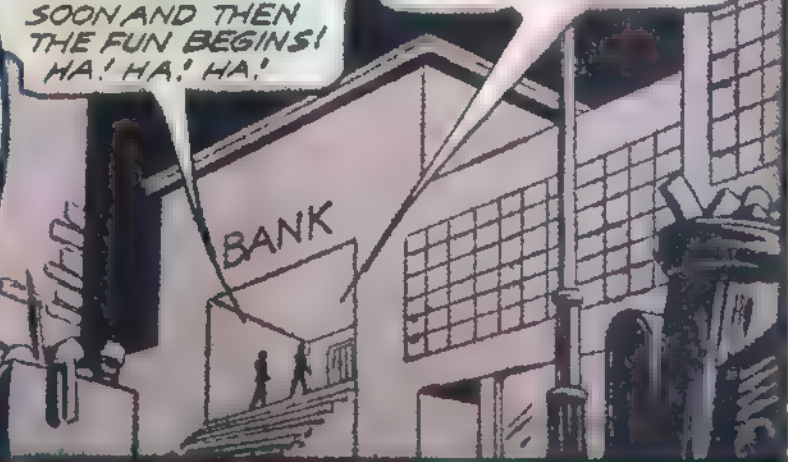
OH, WE FOOLED THE COPS AS KIDDIES... AND WE'VE FOOLED THEM EVER SINCE...

IT'S A MIRACLE! EVEN THEIR VOICES ARE ALIKE!

COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER, JOCK BLINTZ INVADES THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO...

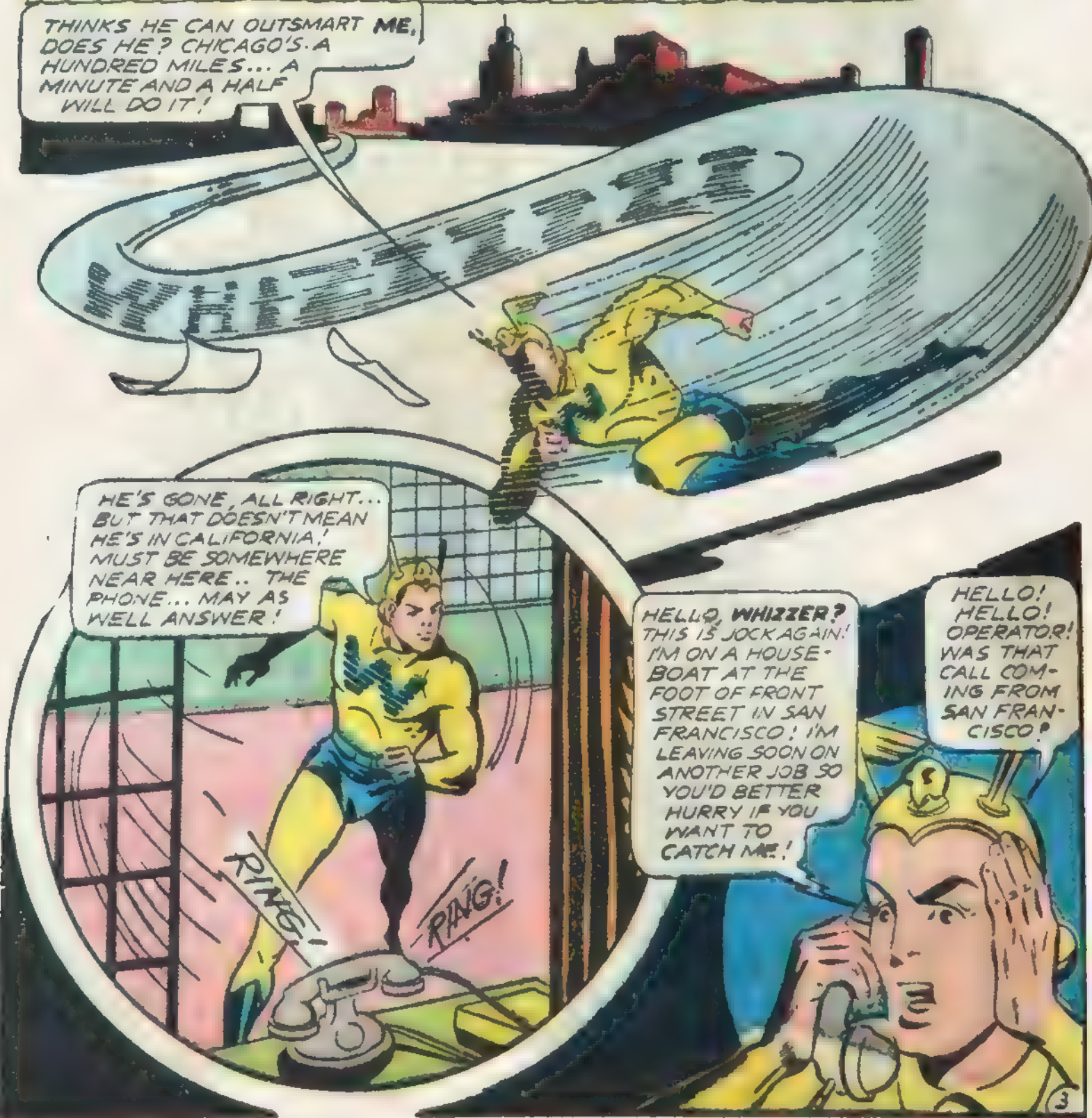
SMOOTH AS SILK, PAT! JEFF'S IN CALIFORNIA BY NOW. WE'LL CALL JACK ROBINSON SOON AND THEN THE FUN BEGINS! HA! HA! HA!

I CAN'T WAIT! THE WHIZZER ALWAYS HAS BEEN THE ONLY SHADOW ON MY BRIGHT CAREER!





IN A FLASH, JACK CHANGES TO THE WHIZZER'S STREAMLINED GARB...





IT WAS FROM SAN FRANCISCO! HOW HE DID IT BEATS ME...I'M SURE IT WAS THE SAME VOICE!



THE WHIZZER BEGINS ONE OF HIS FAMOUS CROSS-COUNTRY DASHES...

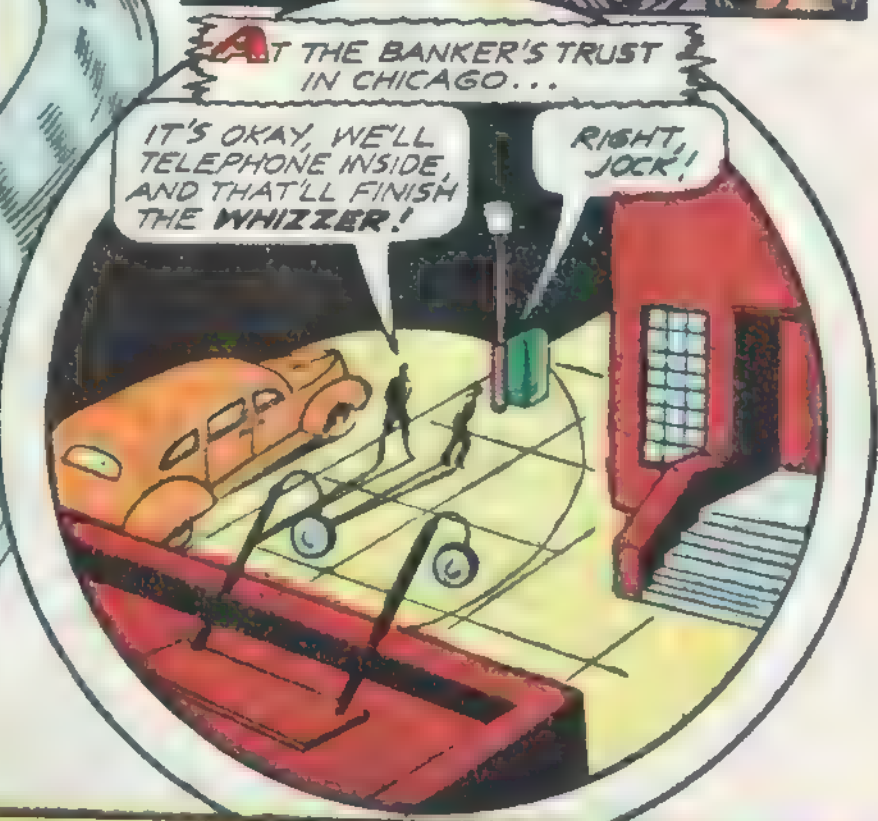


MEANWHILE....

YOU THINK THE WHIZZER'S ON HIS WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO, JOCK?

HE MUST BE HALF WAY THERE BY NOW! JEFF'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM...NOW WE HAVE TO GET TO THE BANKER'S TRUST TO MAKE ANOTHER PHONE CALL!

NOTHING TO DO BUT GET A LOOK AT THAT HOUSE-BOAT...WONDER HOW HE DID IT? EVEN A ROCKET... (PUFF) (PUFF) ISN'T THAT FAST!



AT THE BANKER'S TRUST IN CHICAGO...

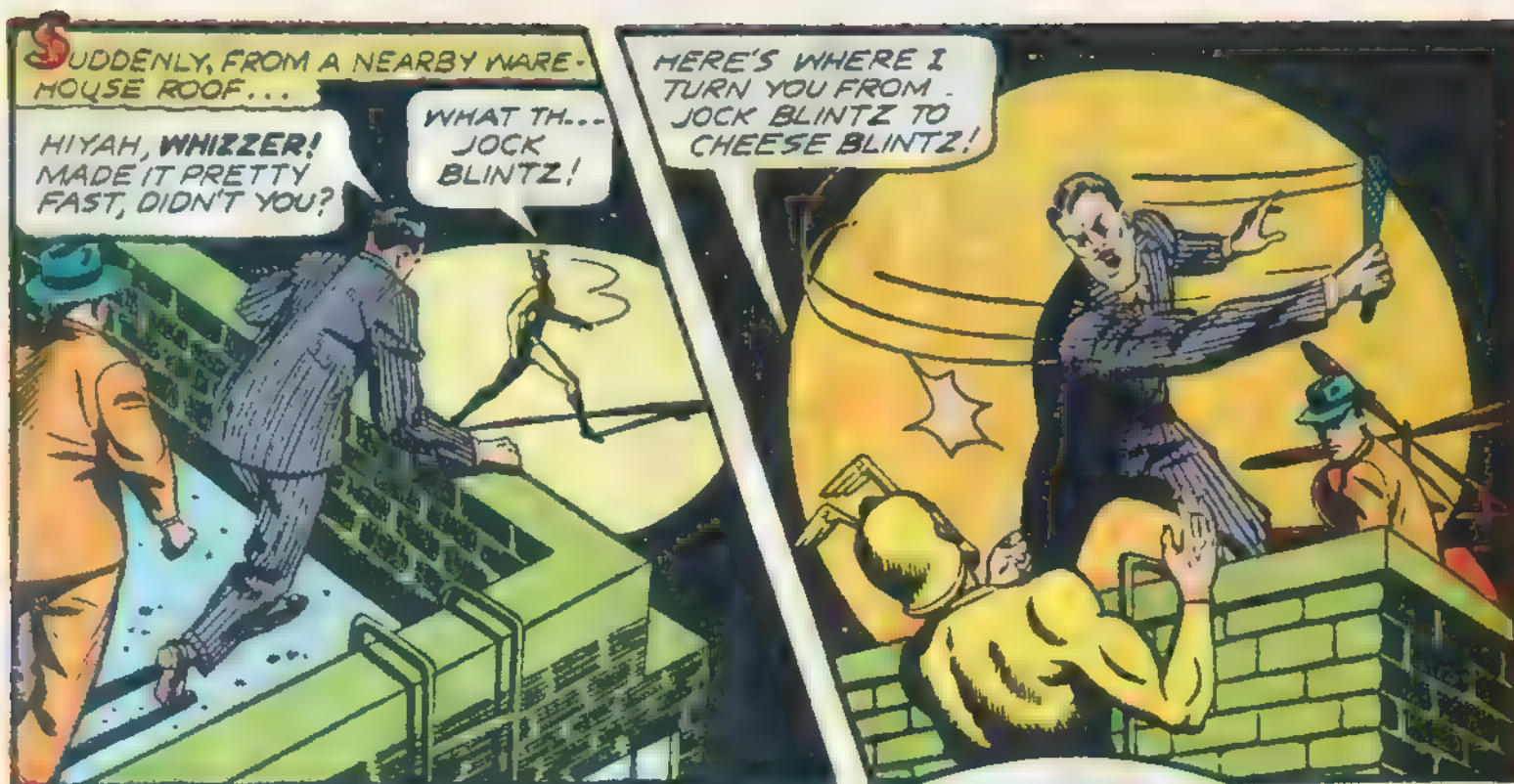
IT'S OKAY, WE'LL TELEPHONE INSIDE, AND THAT'LL FINISH THE WHIZZER!

RIGHT, JOCK!



THE WHIZZER ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION...

GUESS THIS IS THE PLACE...LOOKS DESERTED!



SUDDENLY, FROM A NEARBY WAREHOUSE ROOF...

HIYAH, WHIZZER!
MADE IT PRETTY
FAST, DIDN'T YOU?

WHAT TH...
JOCK
BLINTZ!

HERE'S WHERE I
TURN YOU FROM
JOCK BLINTZ TO
CHEESE BLINTZ!



AAAGH!

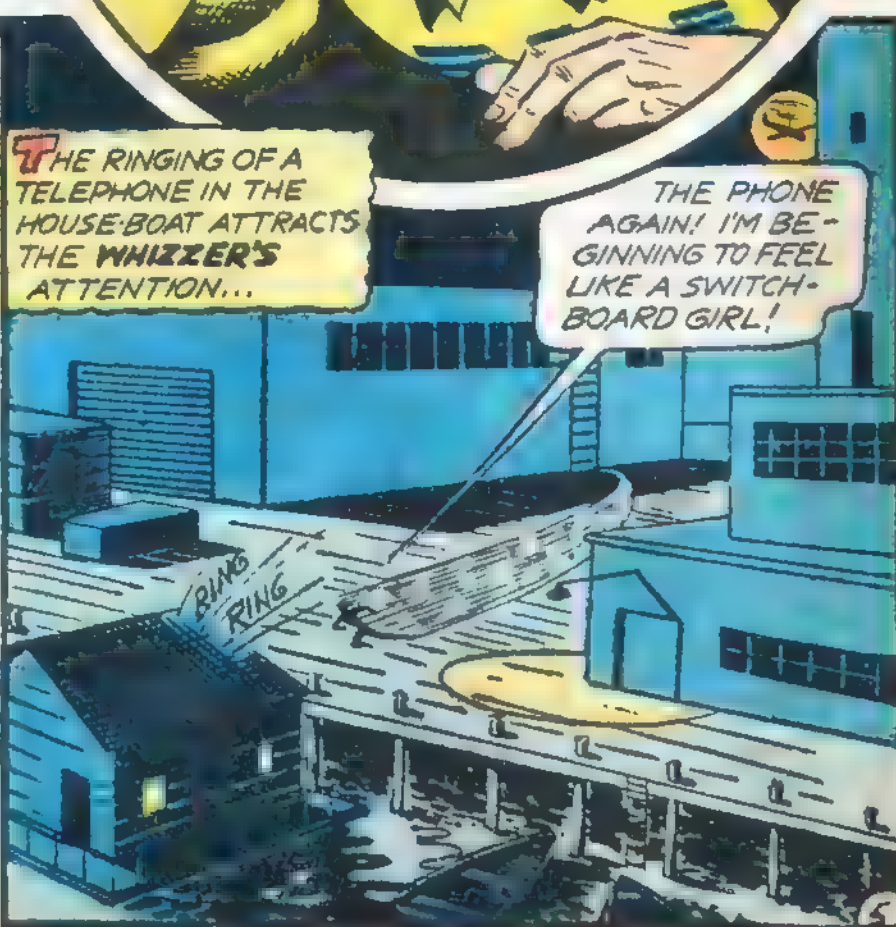


OOOH!



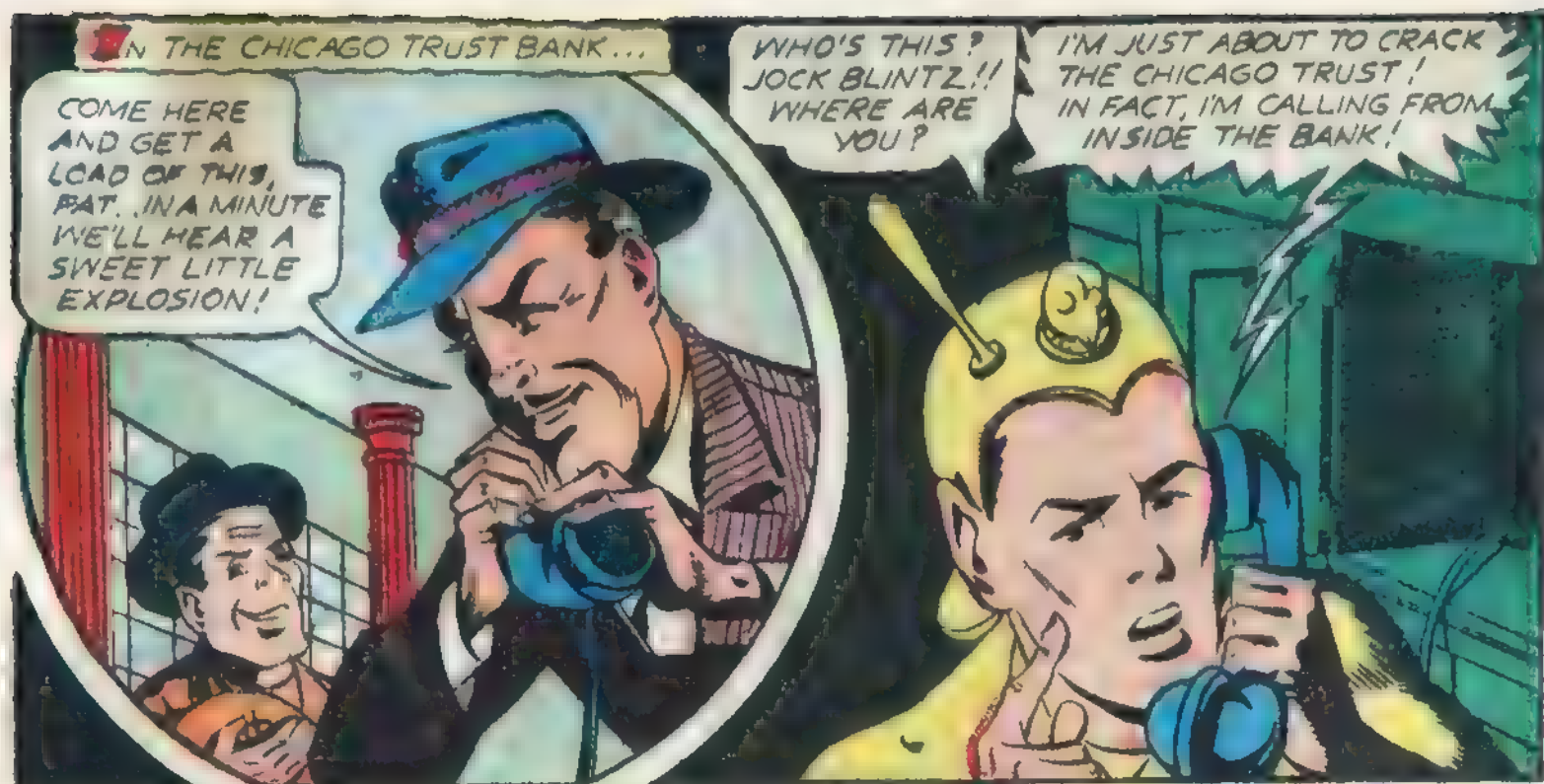
SECONDS LATER, THE WHIZZER
COMES TO....

GOLLY! THEY GOT AWAY!
BUT A HELICOPTER COULDN'T
BE WHAT GOT HIM FROM
CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO
IN LESS THAN TWO
MINUTES!

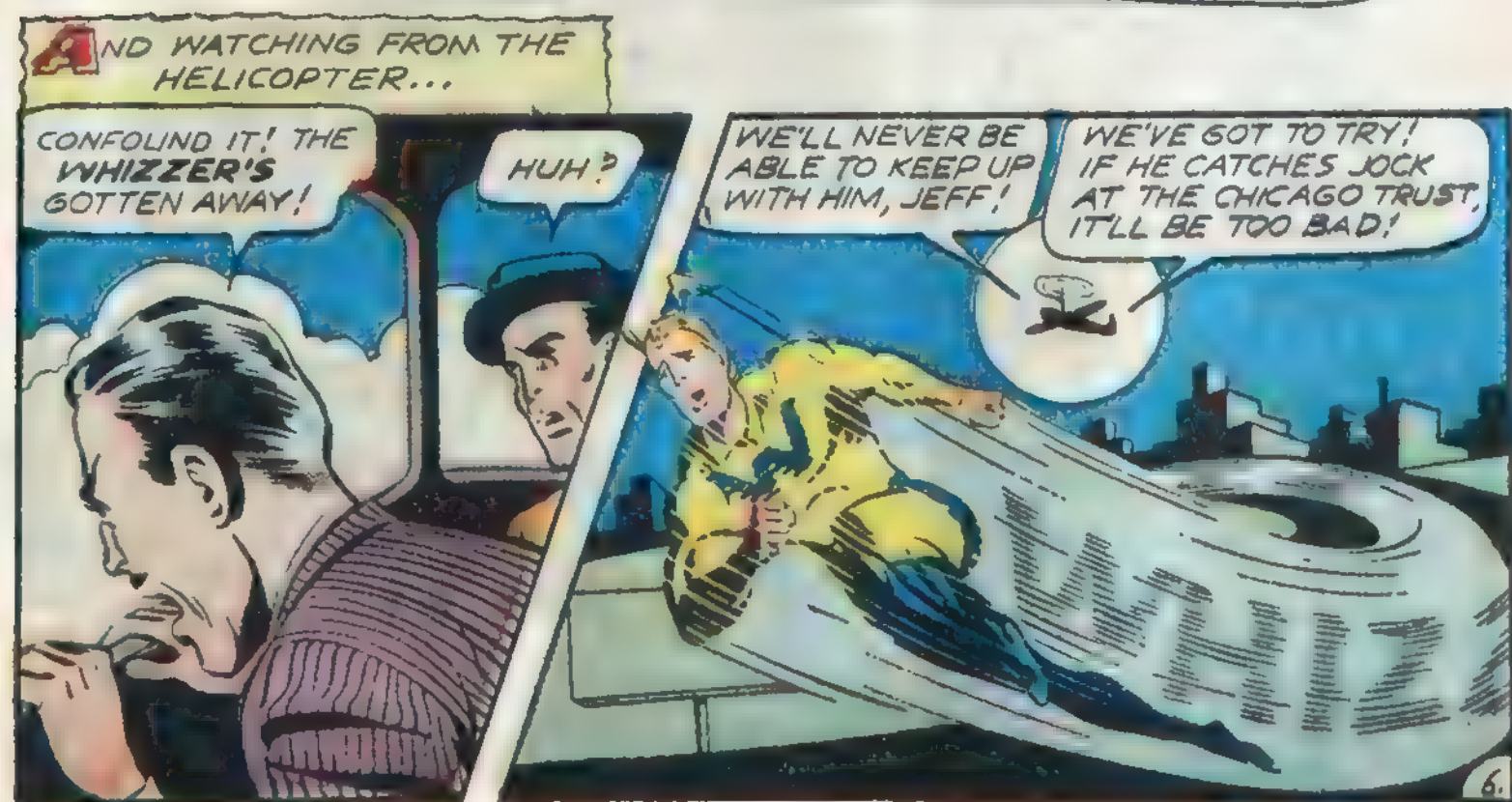
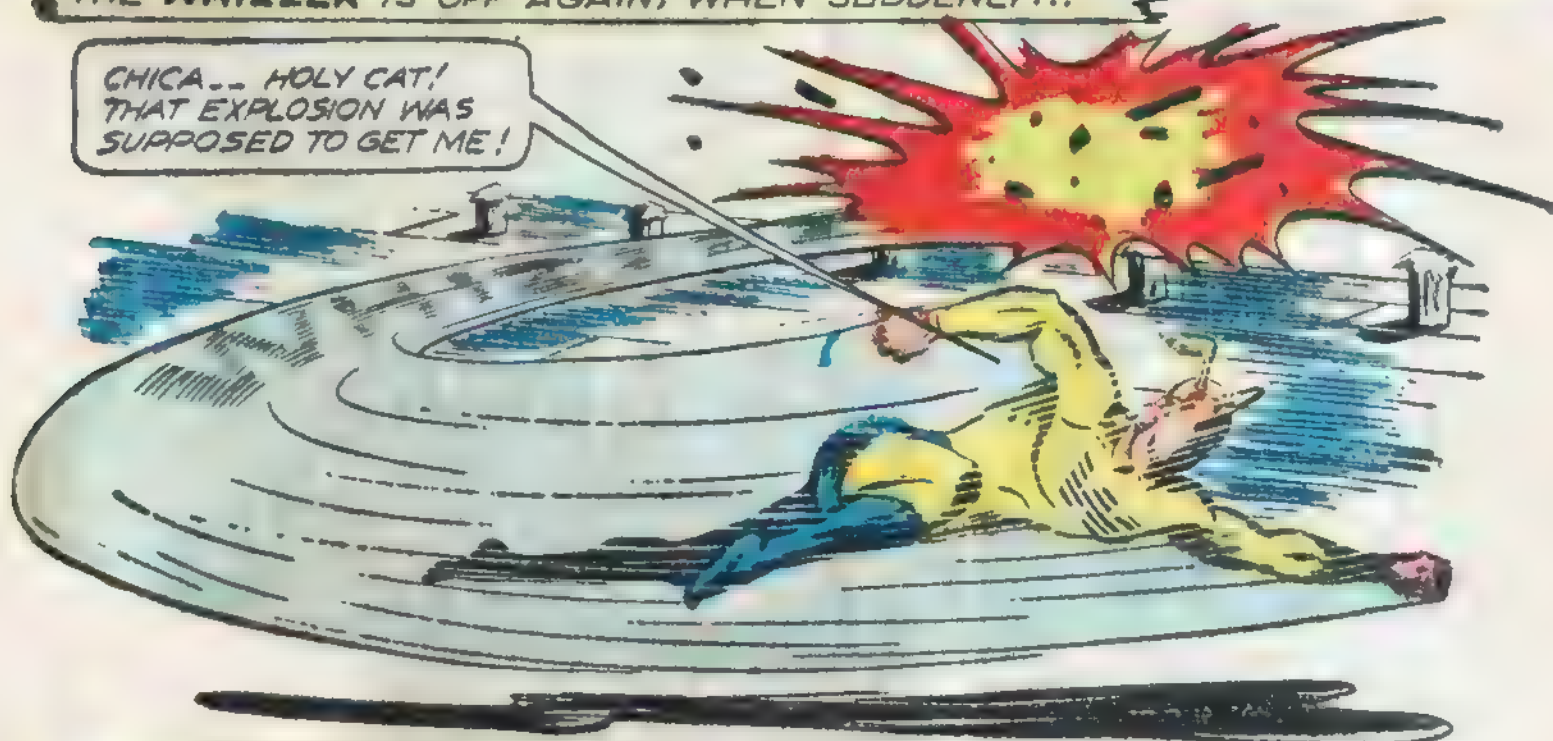


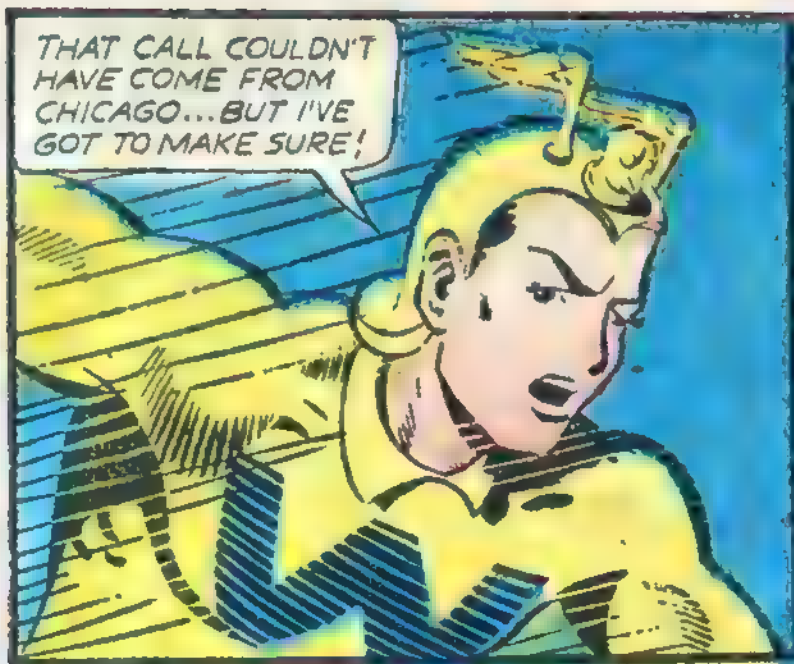
THE RINGING OF A
TELEPHONE IN THE
HOUSE-BOAT ATTRACTS
THE WHIZZER'S
ATTENTION...

THE PHONE
AGAIN! I'M BE-
GINNING TO FEEL
LIKE A SWITCH-
BOARD GIRL!

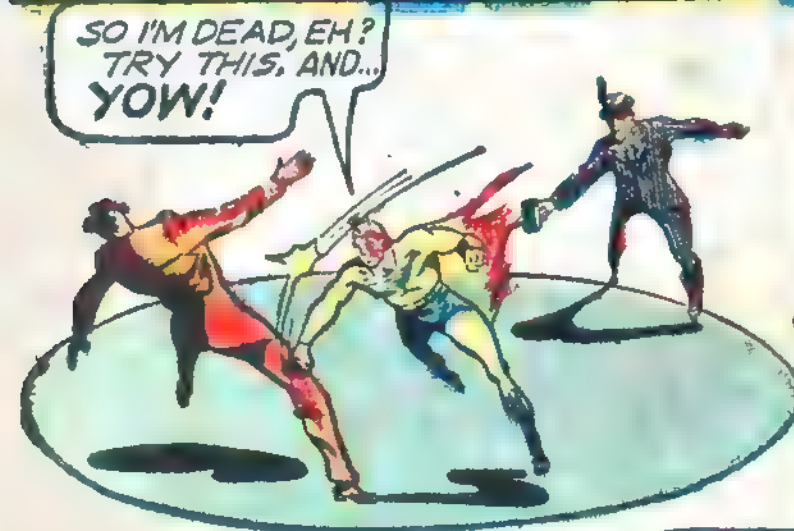


THE WHIZZER IS OFF AGAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY...





THAT CALL COULDN'T
HAVE COME FROM
CHICAGO... BUT I'VE
GOT TO MAKE SURE!



SO I'M DEAD, EH?
TRY THIS, AND...
YOW!



YOU!!

YOU!!!

WHIZZER!!!
BUT... YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
DEAD!

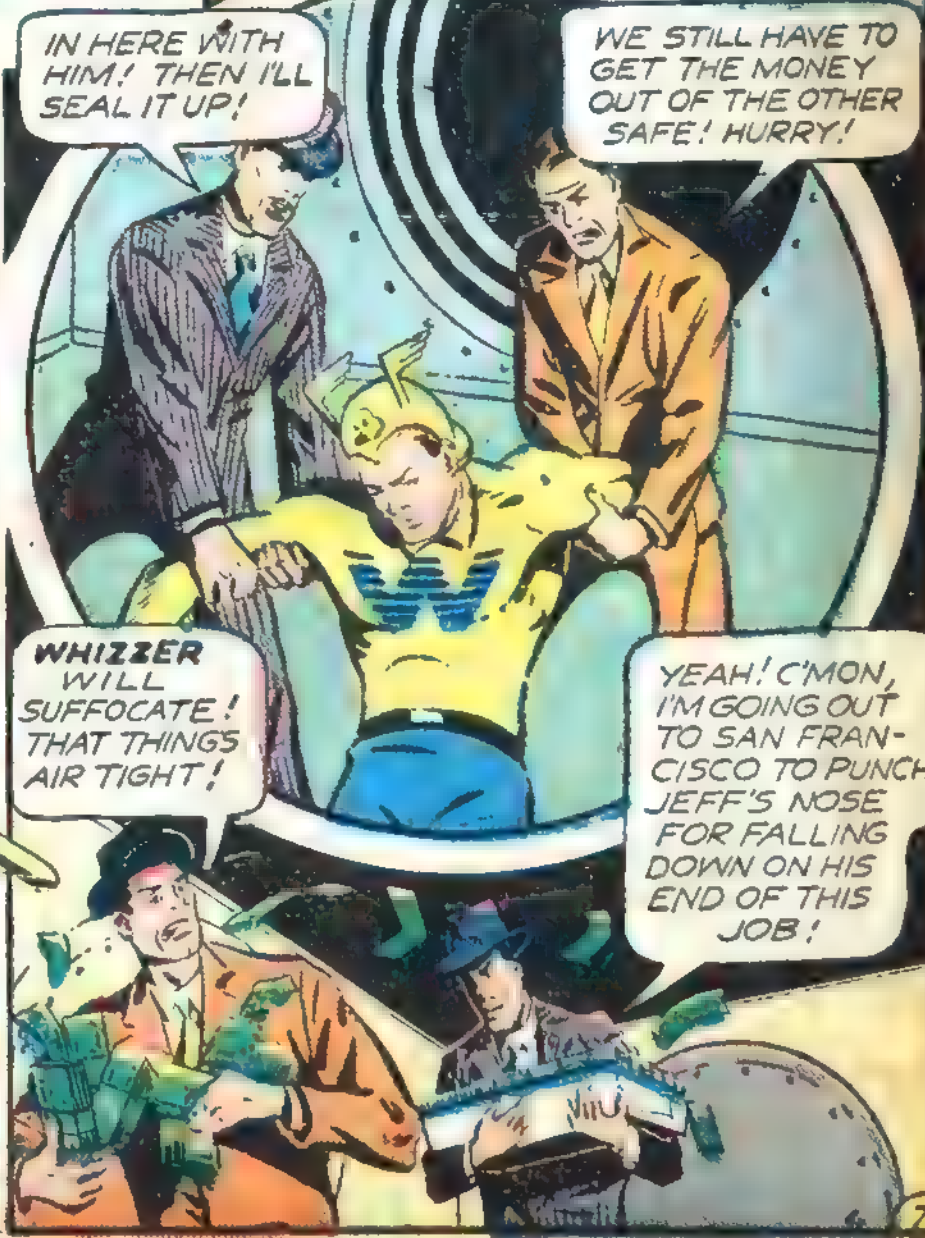
ARRIVING
BACK IN
CHICAGO.
WHIZZER
FINDS...



GIVE IT
TO HIM!

HEY!
OW!

DOWN
AND
OUT!



IN HERE WITH
HIM! THEN I'LL
SEAL IT UP!

WE STILL HAVE TO
GET THE MONEY
OUT OF THE OTHER
SAFE! HURRY!

WHIZZER
WILL
SUFFOCATE!
THAT THING'S
AIR TIGHT!

YEAH! C'MON,
I'M GOING OUT
TO SAN FRAN-
CISCO TO PUNCH
JEFF'S NOSE
FOR FALLING
DOWN ON HIS
END OF THIS
JOB!

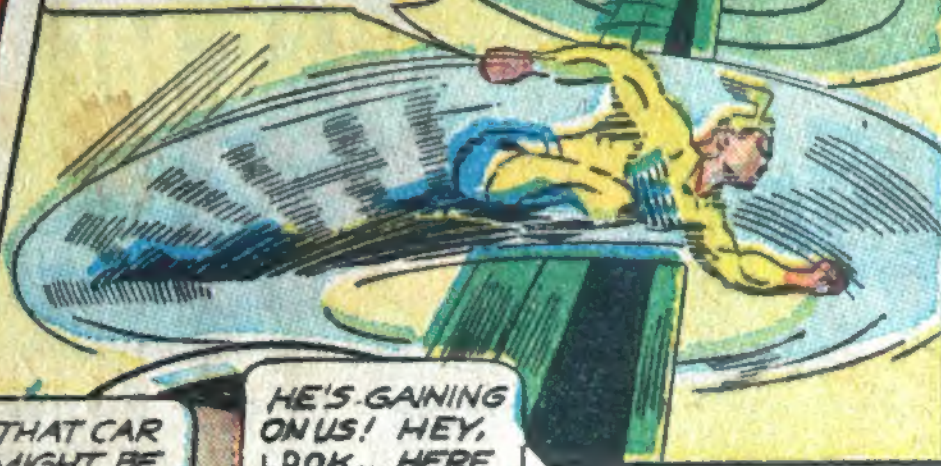
SECONDS LATER, WHIZZER REVIVES...

THEY'VE SEALED THE DOOR SHUT! WONDER IF THIS THING UNWINDS... SEE IF I CAN SPIN IT!



SLOWLY... THEN FASTER AND FASTER, WHIZZER'S LEGS SPIN THE TEN TON VAULT...

IF I CAN WEAR THAT PIECE OF METAL THROUGH, MAYBE THE VAULT WILL FALL AND BREAK OPEN!



THAT CAR MIGHT BE JOCK'S!

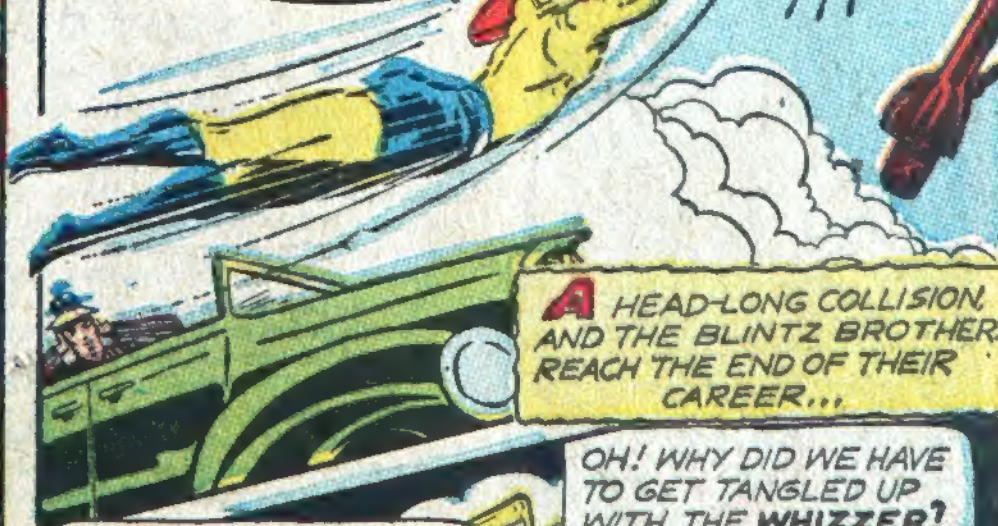
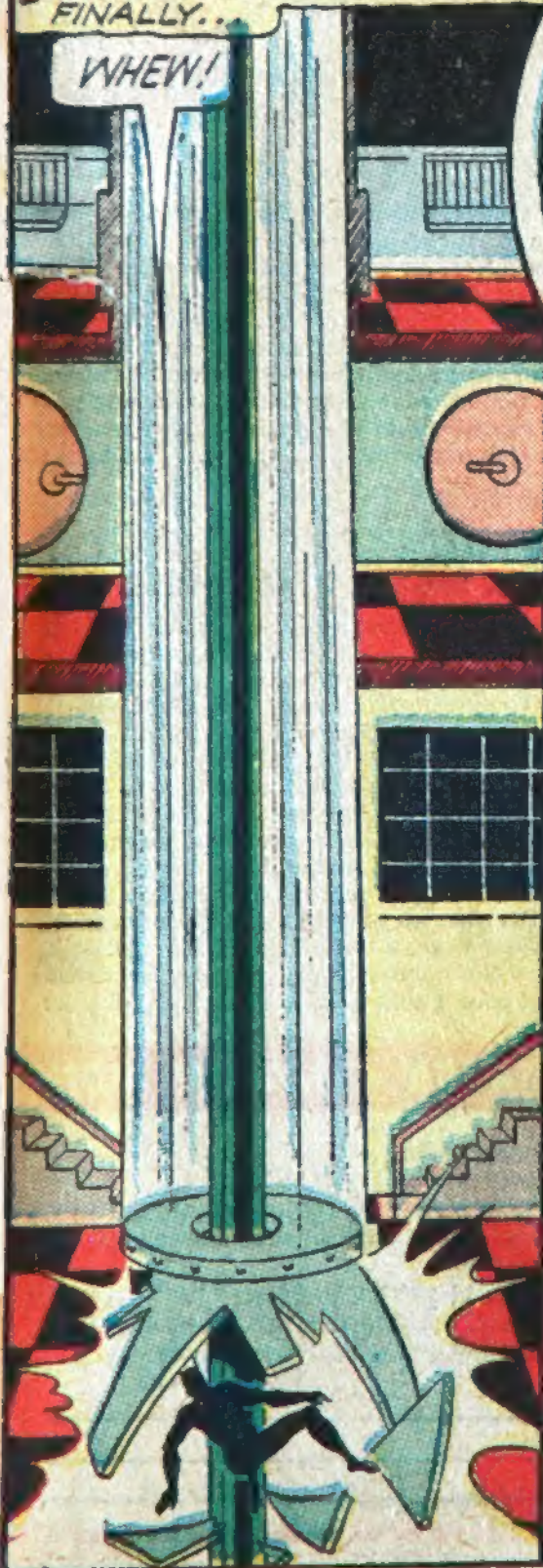
HE'S GAINING ON US! HEY, LOOK... HERE COMES JEFF! HE'S DIVING!

JOCK CAN'T BE IN THE CAR AND THE PLANE, TOO!

WHAT TH...!

THOUSANDS OF LAPS, UNTIL FINALLY...

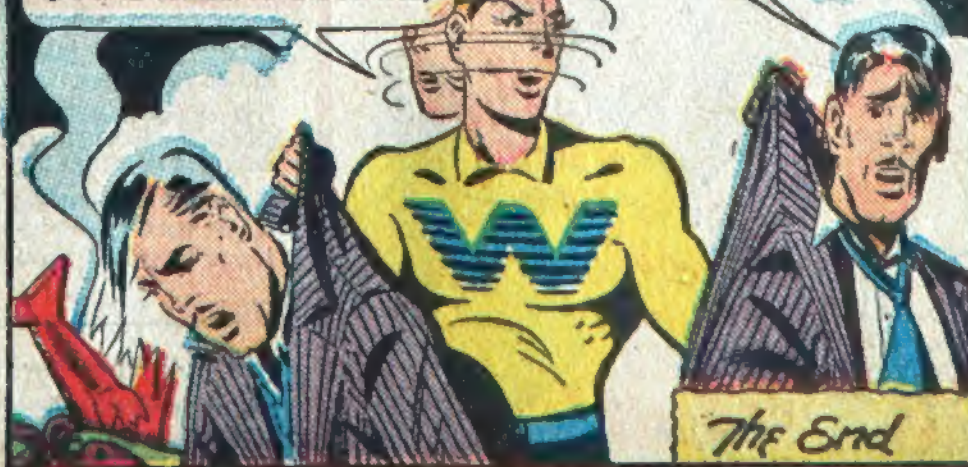
WHEW!



A HEAD-LONG COLLISION, AND THE BLINTZ BROTHERS REACH THE END OF THEIR CAREER...

OH! WHY DID WE HAVE TO GET TANGLED UP WITH THE WHIZZER?

TWINS! NO WONDER I WAS SEEING DOUBLE!



The End

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